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MARCH 1992

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

The Real Anita Hill

by David Brock

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"national guard/ police force"

"no longer"

"A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed."

— Bill of Rights, Second Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

"privilege at government discretion"

no longer a problem

"except poor, minorities, & residents of public housing, New York City, Washington, D.C., etc."

"except hand arms, cheap arms, ugly arms, self-loading arms, & military-looking arms"

"after waiting for government/police approval"

Before anyone edits the Bill of Rights, the authors would like a word with you:

"No free man shall ever be debarred the use of arms."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

"Arms in the hands of citizens [may] be used at individual discretion ... in private self-defense."

JOHN ADAMS

"[The Constitution preserves] the advantage of being armed which Americans possess over the people of almost every other nation ... [where] the governments are afraid to trust the people with arms."

JAMES MADISON

"... arms ... discourage and keep the invader and plunderer in awe, and preserve order in the world as well as property. ... Horrid mischief would ensue were [the law-abiding] deprived of the use of them."

THOMAS PAINE

"Laws that forbid the carrying of arms ... disarm only those who are neither inclined nor determined to commit crimes ... Such laws make things worse for the assaulted and better for the assailants; they serve rather to encourage than to prevent homicides, for an unarmed man may be attacked with greater confidence than an armed man."

THOMAS JEFFERSON, quoting Cesare Beccaria

"A militia, when properly formed, are in fact the people themselves ... and include all men capable of bearing arms ... To preserve liberty it is essential that the whole body of the people always possess arms and be taught alike ... how to use them."

RICHARD HENRY LEE

"The Constitution shall never be construed ... to prevent the people of the United States who are peaceable citizens from keeping their own arms."

SAMUEL ADAMS

"I ask, sir, what is the militia? It is the whole people ... To disarm the people is the best and most effectual way to enslave them ..."

GEORGE MASON

A message in celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Ratification of the Bill of Rights, December 15, 1791. Paid for by the National Rifle Association Institute for Legislative Action.
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You deserve a factual look at...

Loan Guarantees for Settlement of Soviet Jews

Should the U.S. Play a Role in this Humanitarian Enterprise?

Only a few months ago, the world was able to watch the thrilling spectacle of the airlift of 15,000 Ethiopian Jews to Israel. But the rescue of the Ethiopians, heartening and important though it is, is really only a "sideshow" in the ongoing saga of this ingathering. The greatest challenge facing the Jewish state today, almost even more daunting than the implacable hostility surrounding Israel and the ever-present military challenge, is the ingathering of the Soviet Jews.

What are the facts?

■ For years it had been one of the great policy objectives of the United States vis-a-vis the Soviet Union to allow the free emigration of its citizens. Of all the nationalities in the Soviet Union, the Jews are by far the most endangered and the most anxious to leave the country. Finally, the gates have begun to open – a little slowly at first, but then wider and wider. Under U.S. immigration laws, only a small number of these Soviet fugitives are able to come to our country. The vast majority plan on settling in Israel. And that is as it should be. Because the state of Israel has one single purpose: the ingathering of Jews, especially those that are persecuted and who are in need, from all corners of the world. And it doesn't make any difference, of course, whether they are "Europeans" or whether they come from the Arab countries, from Asia or, as now in the case of the Ethiopian Jews, whether they are black Africans.

■ So far, about 300,000 Soviet Jews have arrived in Israel. A total of about 1 million are expected within the next three years. Since the population of Israel is about 5 million, that is equivalent to the United States having to absorb about 45 million new immigrants – more than the population of the states of California and New York combined – and that within a 3-year period! And the United States is a rich country and an immensely large one. Israel is a poor country. Its per capita income is less than $10,000 per year and more than one-half of the country's budget is dedicated to defense. And it's small: the size of the country is one-half that of San Bernardino County in California. The Soviet immigrants come virtually penniless, because they may not take more than $100 out of the country. There are no ready jobs, and there is no ready housing. It is a daunting and almost overwhelming task to absorb these people. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost more than $50 billion.

■ But Israel is determined to overcome this challenge, to build the 260,000 new housing units that will be needed, to build the 12,000 new classrooms, to create the 360,000 new jobs, and to integrate the 1 million Soviet Jews into Israeli life, just as it has done with over 1 million previous immigrants. Israel and world Jewry will carry virtually all of the cost of this absorption and will create the massive additional infrastructure needed to sustain a population increase of over 20% in just two or three short years. In this fiscal year alone, more than $6 billion or 20% of Israel's budget will go toward absorption of immigrants. The American Jewish community will have raised more than $4 billion and has agreed to co-sign a further $900 million guarantee to help with these costs.

■ There is one urgent matter, however, in which the assistance of the United States will be needed. Israel will ask the United States to *guarantee* (not to grant, not even to lend) $10 billion for housing, funds that will be needed, in $2 billion yearly installments, over a 5-year period. This is a financial transaction that is virtually without risk and at virtually no cost to the United States. In contrast to many of the developing countries, Israel has never defaulted on a loan and has never asked for "forgiveness" of any indebtedness. It has a perfect payment record. American guarantees of this $10 billion loan are absolutely required in order to make the orderly absorption of Soviet Jews into Israel possible.

The matter of the loan guarantee has been deferred for 120 days, at the request of the President. In view of the cataclysmic events in the former Soviet Union, the need for this guarantee is now more urgent even than before. As with all other financial assistance to Israel, the funds under this guarantee will be used only within Israel's 1967 borders. No funds will be used to settle Jews in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But the United States must focus on the humanitarian nature of this enterprise. It must not be "linked" and must not be conditioned upon any political issues, such as the procedural questions of the peace process, the question of settlements in the administered areas, or any other "concessions". Israel, like the United States, is a country of immigrants and a beacon of liberty and of hope. The United States should approve the $10 billion loan guarantee to Israel – its best friend and staunchest ally in the world – and should assist, virtually without risk and expense to itself, in one of the greatest liberation movements of our times: the exodus of 1 million Soviet Jews and their orderly absorption in Israel.

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

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by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

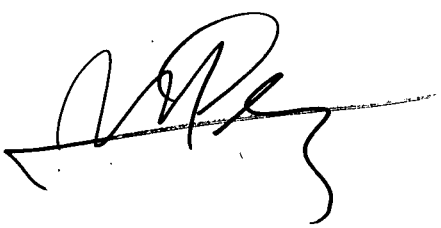
"There is nothing this committee, this body, or this country can do to give me my good name back. Nothing.

"I will not provide the rope for my own lynching . . ." —Clarence Thomas
October 11, 1991

TAKE A RANDOM sampling: David Broder categorizing the "lynching" remark as a low move worthy of Richard Nixon's Checkers speech; Anthony Lewis, that selfless defender of victims worldwide, deriding Thomas for "self-pity that is not in order," a charge echoed by the crotchety James Reston; the *New Republic* saying the remark called into question whatever "conservative integrity" Thomas had left. Those less inclined to blame the victim took comfort in a fatuous moral equivalence. "If Clarence Thomas had been a woman, he might have been Anita Hill," *Time* magazine reported. In a better mood now, Reston hailed "two such remarkable and intelligent people as Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill." "Clarence Thomas was wronged. Anita Hill was wronged," the bumbling Sen. Joe Biden told *Newsweek*.

Underlying all this talk was a conviction that "*something* happened," as the normally sensible Joe Klein of *New York* put it, "and it probably was something more complicated than either of the principals was prepared to admit." While Klein had harsh words for Anna Quindlen, who "without a blink" pronounced Thomas guilty as charged, he preferred the work of two *Washington Post* reporters who argued that "the conventional wisdom that 'someone is lying' was too simple." He liked their choice of words: "ambiguity, nuance, uncertainty."

WHAT A CROCK! Recall that Thomas also said: "I have been racking my brains and eating my insides out trying to think of what I could have said or done to Anita Hill to lead her to allege that I was interested in her in more than a professional way . . ." It seems that none of our political arbiters stopped to consider that Thomas's bewilderment and outrage were genuine. Thanks to the tireless sleuthing of David Brock ("The Real Anita Hill," page 18), Justice Thomas and his admirers can rest assured that his good name will forever be secure, and that much of the mystery surrounding Hill has been solved. What happened between Thomas and Hill? *Nothing*. A better question is: What happened between Hill and Susan Hoerchner? For answers, please turn to Mr. Brock's report.



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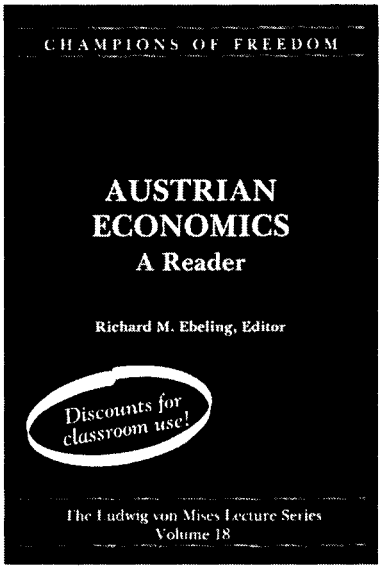

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Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. Today there is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America. Among the converts to Roman Catholicism who have written for the REVIEW are Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Walker Percy, L. Brent Bozell, Avery Dulles, and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christians, including the quest for a more just and compassionate society.

If you want to recapture the excitement of when you first really believed, if you feel inundated by "bad news" about the Church, if you despair of all the moral laxity and doubt and dissension within her portals but seek a remedy for that despair, or if you're searching for a "face" of Catholicism that is spiritually vibrant, solidly prolife, doctrinally sound, and socially engaged, it's time for you to subscribe to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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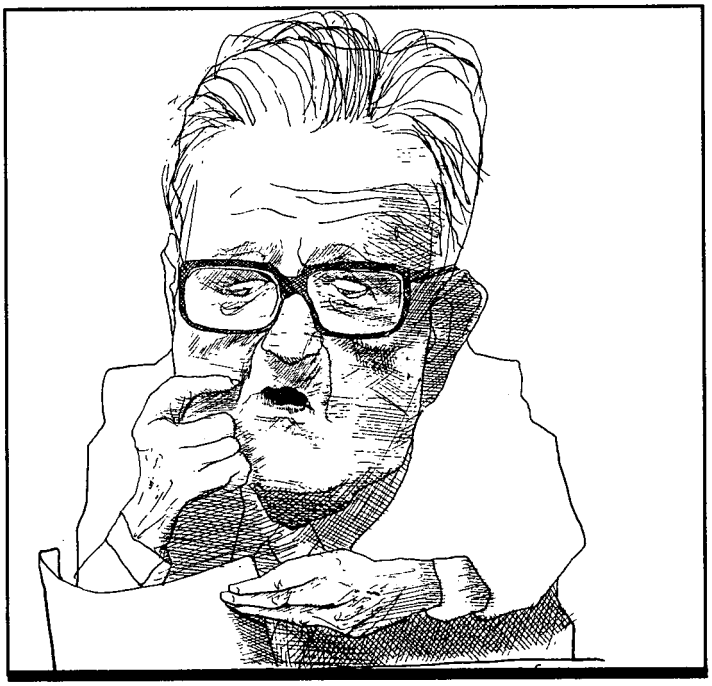

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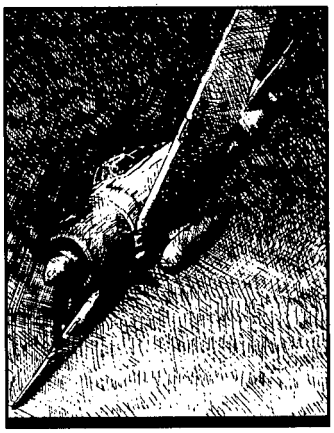

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• January has gone down in history as marking the nadir of American wit. During a state dinner in Tokyo on January 9, an otherwise very polite President George Bush vomited upon the likable Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa just as a savory course of roast house cat was being served—an untimely mishap, that, but one which elicited not a single memorable witticism despite the sprightly presence in American media of such amusing wags as Mr. John McLaughlin, Professor Eleanor Clift, Albert Hunt, and that madcap panel of quipsters and *frotteurs* who make "Washington Week In Review" so riotously funny. The President regurgitated again on January 28, though this time the ill-digested production was called his "State of the Union" speech, and what he distributed was not ill-digested food but ill-digested policy. For at least two years Liberals have behaved as though the 1980s conservative ascendancy never happened, which is understandable. For them the decade will be a Black Hole, an ellipsis in American history. Why Mr. Bush acts as though the conservative ascendancy never happened is less scrutable. Without the ideas that got him elected he obviously has no ideas, and, as the polls indicate, without ideas his administration is a pathetic waste of America's time.

• In Des Moines, Iowa, Miss Holly West was seriously injured when the vending machine that she was fiercely kicking and punching for withholding her change suddenly fell atop her. The Russian Republic adopted the free market, or almost the free market. At the request of our distinguished publisher, Mr. Ron Burr, and kapellmeister, Baron Von Kannon, both staunch advocates of public decency, this department's accounts of sexual irregularities will hitherto be drastically curtailed whilst renewed emphasis is placed on the bizarreries of the world's statesmen and political reformers.

• Former District of Columbia mayor and civil rights legend, Marion Barry, was transferred in leg irons from a minimum security prison in pastoral Petersburg, Virginia, to a more rigorous hoosegow after he was spotted undergoing oral sex at the hands of a respected New York–based fellatrix during a visitation in the public reception room of the Petersburg facility. As many as twenty prisoners and their guests witnessed the unusual occurrence, despite the Hon. Barry's attempts to divert their attention with various hand gestures and his trademark Swiss yodel. "I was trying not to even look," testified Mrs. Nancy Lee Robinson. "It was so disgusting." On the other hand, it is reassuring to see, for a change, the human side of a big-city mayor, rather than the crude arrogance of a Chicago Daley or the insufferable haughtiness of the mayor of Paris, M. Jacques Chirac. Lighten up a little, fellows.

• In a Newcastle-upon-Tyne crown court one of the United Kingdom's most illustrious animal rights campaigners, Mr. Alan Cooper, was accused of "outraging public decency." As the venerable *Times* of London reported it, the prosecution accused Mr. Cooper of "committing a lewd, obscene, and disgusting act on the 12 ft. dolphin called Freddie as they frolicked for 20 minutes off the harbor mouth at Amble, Northumberland." Freddie has become somewhat of a tourist attraction and according to the prosecution, "a boatload of onlookers watched 'disgusted' as Mr. Cooper, wearing a blue and yellow wet suit, masturbated the half-ton mammal as it floated on its back." Mr. Cooper, the helpful *Times* reports, is unmarried. The Democratic front-runner, Governor Bill Clinton of Arkansas, saw his presidential ambitions imperiled when a former Miss Teenage America stepped forward and testified in the authoritative *Star* that for many years he had an extramarital affair with her, and it did him no good when the woman, Miss Gennifer (sic) Flowers, revealed that the governor called her "Pookie." "Pookie" is the name of Stanford University Professor R. James Milgram's dog. On January 8, the Palo Alto Municipal Court convicted Professor Milgram of sicking "Pookie" on a helpless bicyclist.

• The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service predicted that only 33,000 jobs will be lost as a consequence of its January 9 restrictions on logging in 6.9 million acres of the Northwest, all of which are critical to the northern spotted owl's well-being. Australian gourmets smacked their lips when scientists in Sydney announced discovery of a rare group of tiny shrimplike crustaceans never before found in the Southern Hemisphere. The delicacy, belonging to the ancient group *thermosbaenacea*, is delicious in an avocado pâté or simply raw with a slice of lime. In sporting news, thousands turned out in Bara, Pakistan, to watch Mr. Rahat Gul, a convicted thief, be rhythmically and solemnly beaten by a society of Islamic religious scholars, and in Minnesota's Metrodome the Washington Redskins trounced the Buffalo Bills 37 to 24 to win the Superbowl, sport's most vulgar moment, one that in all its macho superabundance might well lead one to believe that the feminists have a point so long as one has never actually encountered a feminist or a selection of their euphuistic rants. Finally, from Besançon, France, comes word that a defender has stepped forward to assert the rights of millions of French dwarves. M. Manuel Wackenheim (3'11") is commencing legal action against the Ministry of the Interior's odious ban on dwarf tossing, which has made France the laughingstock of Western Europe.

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• In Johannesburg, South Africa, Mr. Molatu Lebeta, a black, was beaten to death by a gang of irate whites who accused him of allowing his dog to fornicate with a dog owned by one of the whites. Both dogs got away. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the Hon. Michael McGee, a black alderman, has threatened to set his underground "Black Panther militia" onto the nearby white community unless he is re-elected to high office. A wave of cat killings continues in Tampa, Florida, where apparently some rogue or possibly a gang of rogues is surreptitiously tying cats to unsuspecting motorists' rear automobile bumpers, whereupon they then drag the cats through the streets of this otherwise boring community. That planet discovered last July by astronomer Dr. Andrew Lyne of the University of Manchester has been lost. "Our embarrassment is unbounded," Professor Lyne explained to disgruntled members of the American Astronomical Society. "I'm very sorry." On January 15, President George Bush auspicated his re-election campaign in New Hampshire by rushing through the state wringing his hands and gasping over the hell of a mess we are in; no sitting President has ever taken this novel re-election tack before. In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, three college students were sentenced to 200 hours of struthonian manure-shoveling for strangling a 220-pound ostrich.

• For the forty-third consecutive year, an obviously disturbed man dressed in black appeared late at night at the grave of Edgar Allan Poe in Baltimore, Maryland and left three red roses and a half-full bottle of cognac. No attempt has ever been made to identify the mourner, but one would hope that educators might at least point to this deranged and lonely individual to warn students of the fate awaiting one who reads too much Poe and forgets to finish his cognac. The California Prune Board has taken note of the vast consumption of prunes in St. Petersburg, Florida, and awarded that city a $1,000 grant toward the development of a walking exercise program. Despite widespread deprivation in Russia, Moscow relief workers rejected 2,000 tons of British beef, fearing that it might be contaminated with "mad cow" disease, though one would think that a mad cow is better than no cow at all.

• In Amsterdam, the Netherlands, clever officials at one of the world's most renowned symphony halls, the Concertgebouw, are distributing cough drops to the audience before performances by the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Musicians were beginning to complain that certain virtuosi in the audience were intimidating the horn section. In Wellington, New Zealand, a queen's counsel has reassured judicial hearings that the town's apparently abundant sado-masochist torture dungeons adhere to the highest standards of safe sex. Finally, the Rev. Jim Bakker has not lost his flair even in a federal penitentiary. The authoritative *Star* reports that Mr. Richard A. Pope, Jr., a 250-pound inmate who helped the boob-tube evangelist out of a couple of tight fixes, received from this incomparable showman the nickname "Peaches." The Crisis endures. —*RET*

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It's Unanimous

I think the new format is great. It's new and attractive but still familiar. Let's hope it becomes the old format to a growing stream of new discoverers of *TAS*.

—Carolyn A. Martin, M.D.
New York, New York

I have been a subscriber for some time, a position I took with no small pride. The new format not only emasculates the image of *The American Spectator*, but diminishes that pride as well. Where once I would take out a copy of your publication on an airplane or at a break in the office in the same spirit that once accompanied walking into a room wearing Marine Corps dress blues or riding up to an assembly of liberal churchmen on a motorcycle, I now slink off by myself or wait for the privacy of a motel. Liberals, who would once draw back at the large *TAS* tabloid logo, now sneer and snicker.

I give you fair warning: I can buy the books of Tyrrell, Bethell, and O'Rourke to meet that need, and when I find another way to satisfy my regular craving for Ben Stein—if the format does not return to its former form—you guys are history.

—Roger N. Brooks
Richmond, New Hampshire

Re your new format: Absolutely superb. Bra-vo! *—Michael J. Bonafield*
Associate Editor
The Post and Courier
Charleston, South Carolina

Bring back the sumptuous *Spectator*—bawdy, fearless, a visual and tactile delight. Bury the conformist wimp.

—Robert Pidgeon
San Mateo, California

I always thought that the tabloid size was somewhat irksome. My mail*man*, who I'm convinced is a KGB plant or perhaps from the ACLU, would at times cram it into the mail box, thus leaving it wrinkled or torn. But thanks to the heroic effort of Mr. Tom Neubert, another KGB/ACLU conspiracy is resoundingly routed. Not to mention that this was an eminently sensible business decision and much too long in coming. *—Mike Shears*
Waterbury, Connecticut

Your new format: *I hate it—I hate it—I hate it!*

The new, smaller print and limp, cheesy paper is a *nightmare*!

The new, smaller "magazine" size is timid and so *average*, compared to newspaper size, which was so expansive, engulfing, *foldable*, and *snazzy*!

This is all so sad and so sordid!

—Elizabeth K. Massie
Santa Monica, California

Congratulations on the new format. I think everyone will appreciate it.

May I however suggest that the type face selected should be larger? Think of your graying subscribers.

—Menahem Lewin
East Jewett, New York

I really like the new format, particularly the conventional size.

However, I had a laugh when Tom Bethell referred to us Republicans as "Grand Old People" in the same issue that you reduced the size of the print!

Thanks for a truly enjoyable magazine every month.

—Jim Considine
South Bend, Indiana

. . . One further irritating comment—I am 37 and can spot a state trooper from 7,000 feet in my BMW—but I find the new type face *too bloody small*!

—E. Scott Sumner
Ridgefield, Connecticut

Editors' note: Beginning with this issue, we have increased the size of the offending print.

. . . I will admit my bias in favor of the peculiar style and appearance of the original format. I would finish reading it in high humor—prepared for another long day immersed in the political correctness of academe. And, when I left my copy in the seminar room, students would pick it up and, because of its distinctive appearance, actually read it. Nothing like a little novelty to further the cause of erudition and criticism . . . *—William C. Burris*
Professor of Political Science
Guilford College
Greensboro, North Carolina

I must protest the change in format of your magazine. It is now the size of the *New Republic*! I have had many arguments with bone-headed liberals who spout the *New Republic* party line and who refuse to see the wisdom of conservative positions advanced by *The American Spectator*. When all else fails, I have been able to prove, even to the satisfaction of my liberal friends, that my favorite magazine is bigger than their favorite magazine.

Now what is a conservative to do?

—Mark R. Olson
Clarksville, Tennessee

(P.S. I nominate the person responsible for the size change for inclusion in P.J. O'Rourke's next Enemies List.)

As a repeat and unrepentant offender on P.J. O'Rourke's annual Enemies Lists, I would never pay money to read the reactionary trash in *The American Spectator*. In fact, if it weren't for the socialistic wonders—which your ads endorse—of a library at a major public university, I wouldn't indulge at all in your occasional lapses of entertaining prose.

Allow me nevertheless one brief comment about your new layout: I hate it! . . . .

—D.F. Cornwell
Bloomington, Indiana

I have four points to make:

- I like the new format much better.
- I hope you can keep the unvarnished paper.
- Ben Stein's Diary is the first thing I read.
- And now for the negative part: Couldn't you try to expand your horizons beyond the political? . . . *—Terry Haller*
Wilmette, Illinois

. . . . The old format was clearly a trademark that will be missed. It used to be so much fun—when I, pardon the expression, "lived" there—to ride Berkeley buses with *TAS* spread open before me, shoulder-high, *pour épater les bourgeois* of the degenerate village. The new format does have a single redeeming feature: you can easily photocopy pages for friends who are too frightened to subscribe. *—Dennis Zickerman*
Martinez, California

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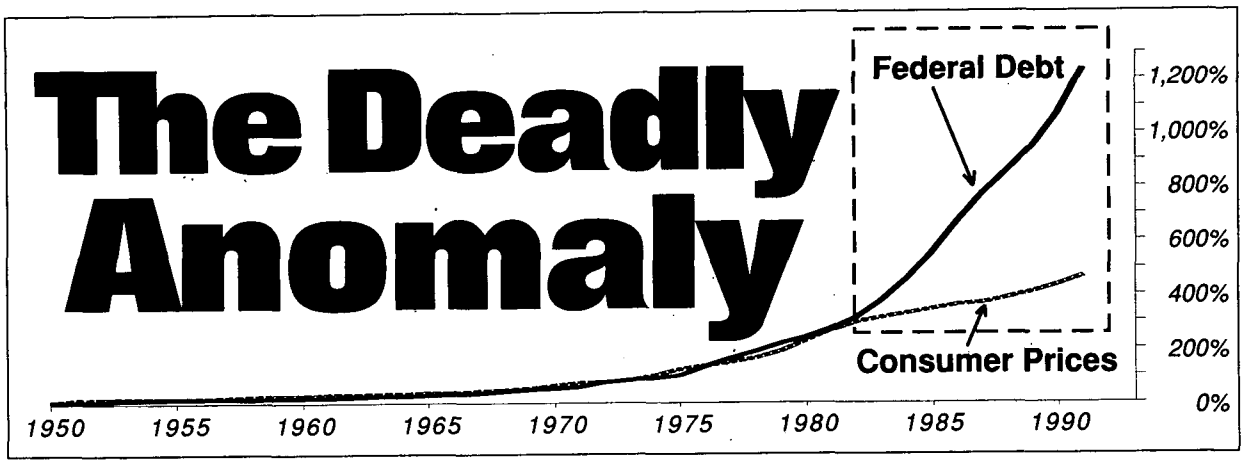
The Deadly Anomaly



How this economic time-bomb points to the profit opportunity of the century.

300% IN 24 MONTHS

Just 24 months ago the remarkable anomaly presented by the above graph gave birth to a brilliant investment idea. The idea was first disclosed to readers of *John Pugsley's Journal*, a privately-circulated newsletter. Those who acted have already multiplied their money by an astonishing 300%—at near-zero risk!

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A lucky call? A fluke? Not on your life. This was no guess. It was a certainty.

This remarkable investment call resulted from 20 years of research and analysis that has uncovered one of the biggest economic distortions in history!

The great majority of economists are oblivious to the link between inflation and government debt, and have not noticed this ominous divergence in the growth of these two key measures.

One observer, however, has watched it with increasing alarm. Economist and author John A. Pugsley, who discovered the divergence, calls it, "The Deadly Anomaly."

Why "deadly?" Because it is dramatic evidence that the U.S. is in the middle of an economic bubble of historic proportions, and the collapse of that bubble will have lethal effects on the fortunes of most savers and investors.

A CLASSIC MANIA

The great investment bubbles of history—the Tulip-Bulb mania of 17th century Holland, the Mississippi bubble, the Roaring Twenties—*all have one thing in common: they were never seen as bubbles at the time.* Infected by the virus of soaring asset prices, the public became blind to fundamental principles of value. Amateur and professional investors alike fell victim to a euphoria that ultimately led to disaster.

It is happening again. Only this time the potential consequences are even greater.

While manias historically have occurred in relatively small asset markets (tulips, regional real estate, stocks, etc.), this time the bubble is in the biggest asset market in the world: *U.S. Treasury bonds.*

In a landmark new work, *The Interest-Rate Strategy*, John Pugsley exposes the key elements that have led to this world-wide bond-market distortion.

The underlying problem is debt. More specifically, it is an avalanche of irredeemable government debt.

During this past decade the nation has been on the worst credit binge in history. Total federal debt has grown from $800 billion in 1981 to about *$4 trillion* today. In just 10 years Treasury debt has more than quadrupled!

The most fundamental economic laws say that as the quantity of anything increases, *the price should fall, not rise.* Yet, in the face of an unprecedented deluge of federal IOUs, *T-bond prices have soared.* It flies in the face of reason, logic, and economic law.

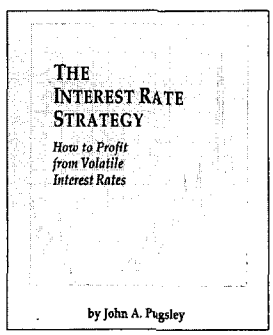
INVESTOR MYOPIA

Investors are oblivious. In their euphoria they see only the bait: these bonds are assets. They fail to recognize the trap: these "assets" are also liabilities. Liabilities *that can never be repaid.*

Supporting his premises with detailed graphs and historical comparisons, Pugsley makes a sobering and incontestable case—a correction must occur, and the evidence is mounting that the correction is already underway. The anxiety over the Treasury bond auctions, fluctuating interest rates, a stalled stock market, a crisis in the banking system...all are only tiny hints of the dramatic upheavals that lie just ahead.

Because investors are oblivious of this approaching storm, *those who understand what is happening have a virtual license to steal over the next three years.*

Bond-market positions entered 24 months ago have quadrupled. They could double again within weeks. And positions held for the next two to three years could result in gains of 1,000%, 2,000% or more. That's right, we mean potential returns of 10-to-1, 20-to-1, or even greater.



3 WAYS TO PROFIT

To capitalize on the coming change, *The Interest-Rate Strategy* outlines a simple plan that uses three independent bond-market mechanisms. Each has dramatic profit potential on its own, and can be entered separately. Together they are unbeatable.

You don't need to be a sophisticated investor to understand and profit from these ideas. *The Interest-Rate Strategy* sets out a 1-2-3 formula that anyone can follow. Best of all, there is no trading. This is a long-term, low-risk, buy-and-hold concept.

You can tailor the strategy to your own profit objectives and the risk level that suits your temperament. Big investor or small, conservative or speculative, this idea should be part of every financial plan. These mechanisms are ideally suited to protect holders of bonds, savings accounts, trust deeds, and pension plans against losses due to rising interest rates and bond market turmoil.

Some investors have worried that the immense gains of the past few months mean that they have missed the opportunity. Far from it. Those gains have occurred in just one segment of the plan. Two parts of this easy-to-implement strategy are now at ideal entry points, and even the 300% jump in the third part is no more than one-fourth of the anticipated move!

THE AUTHOR

John Pugsley is an internationally respected economist and financial author. His 1974 best-selling book, *Common Sense Economics*, accurately predicted the inflationary explosion that followed the demise of the Bretton-Woods agreement. Many readers made fortunes from his advice.

In 1980, when most economists were convinced that Reagan's tax reform would balance the federal budget by the end of his first term, Pugsley's book, *The Alpha Strategy* (8 weeks on the New York Times best-seller list), boldly warned that the U.S. would experience "the largest deficits in the history of the nation in the next five years," and showed small investors how to profit.

His unique application of economic theory to commodity markets resulted in publication of *The Copper Play*, in which he predicted the price of copper had to double, and his original strategy resulted in dramatic profits for those who followed his system.

For 10 years John wrote and published *Common Sense Viewpoint*, a unique financial newsletter enjoyed by tens of thousands of devoted readers.

After a three-year vacation from financial writing, John has returned with fresh insights born of careful, systematic research. His new flagship publication, *John Pugsley's Journal*, focuses the powerful lens of science and simple common sense on world events. Like radar in the fog, these principles illuminate unseen risks and opportunities that are invisible to conventional analysis.

As his loyal readers have acclaimed for two decades, *nothing in the field of* economic and financial publications approaches the clarity, consistency, and logic of John Pugsley's work. Reading it will dramatically improve your understanding of the powerful forces at work in the age in which you live.

Now in *The Interest-Rate Strategy* John has once again used common sense economics to uncover what could be the *investment opportunity of the century.*

ACT QUICKLY

Even as you read this, bond markets have begun to sense and react to the distortion, so we strongly urge you to read *The Interest-Rate Strategy* immediately.

The regular price is $49. However, as part of a special offer, respond immediately, and your cost is only $35 plus $3 shipping.

Or, better yet, receive *The Interest-Rate Strategy* FREE with a 12-issue subscription to *John Pugsley's Journal* at the special introductory rate of $95. (Regular price: $125)

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Dan Quayle: Saving George Bush From Himself

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

How odd it is that our President sought digitalis for American trade by traveling halfway around the world to Japan. All he really had to do was walk into the office of his Vice President and acquaint himself with the work of his own Presidential Competitiveness Council. Its doughty band of free marketeers knows how to make the American economy competitive. It is a stronghold of all the knowledge achieved by studying economic stagnation over the past three decades. For eight years that knowledge contributed to the Reaganite revival of the American economy. Yet President Bush, who was very much on the scene in those happy days, went to Japan with a begging cup and the gaseous Lee Iacocca. (Incidentally, it was okay to take Iacocca to Japan, but to bring him back was inexplicable.) Here is but another of our President's recent miscalculations, reminding us that he takes the affectations of our politicized culture more seriously than he takes the ideas that got him elected.

Of course, there is always the possibility that the President suspects that America's competitiveness is threatened by Japanese secret agents. Maybe he sought their names and Prime Minister Miyazawa's promise that they would pack up their sushi, head back to Japan, and desist from frustrating American productivity, skewing our markets, and making America ever less competitive in the global economy. There are indeed thousands of such agents at work in the Republic at this very hour, probably hundreds of thousands; but they are not paid by the Japanese government. Rather, as Vice President Dan Quayle will testify, they are Americans, and often very patriotic. They are bureaucrats, Capitol Hill staffers, and lobbyists for the special pleaders, members of what Ronald Reagan in his December 1988 farewell address on domestic policy termed "the iron triangle." They mire American commercial life in regulation and litigation, pursuant to a plenitude of noble ideals. Surely one explanation for America's difficulty in competing in a global economy is that government forces its citizens to pursue too many noble ideals.

In point of fact, all American institutions have been ordered to do more than they can possibly do, and frequently more than is possible. Consequently, an increasing number of American institutions achieve nothing but muddle. Consider American industry. It is not only supposed to turn out products that are competitive. It is to integrate women and minorities into the work force according to formulas that are at once complex, evasive, and subjective. It is to turn out products inoffensive to a wild and vaporous congregation of professional complainants: environmentalists, consumerists, preservationists, Christian Scientists, anti-Christian scientists, anti-science Christians, short people, fat people, the incontinent, people allergic to fragrances, people disturbed by loud noises—all the wondrous and querulous progeny of the most effective mutterer of all time, Ralph Nader. If industry fails, the "iron triangle" is ably supported by tens of thousands of trial lawyers, all handsomely paid whether they win their case or are laughed out of court. Their highest achievement is nothing more than the transferral of wealth from those who work to those who complain.

A decade back, Theodore H. White explained Liberalism's 1980 electoral debacle thus: "The election of 1980 marked the rejection of a whole system of ideas that dominated American life ever since early 1960. The basis of all these ideas was high promises to everybody—promises to save the cities, promises to take care of the sick, the old, the universities. By 1980 we had promised ourselves almost to the point of national bankruptcy." American Liberalism has lost at presidential politics ever since, but it never lost its dominance in the culture. Hence the promises continue to echo through American society. They have become the unchallenged sacred music of the Republic, with only a handful of critics bold enough to remind us that each promise carries its costs. The costs have in recent years been offloaded onto industry, but the citizens eventually pay in higher prices, fewer jobs, and less consumer choice. During the Reagan Administration, free marketeers were brought into government to weigh the costs of regulation and litigation against the promised benefits. Vice President Bush presided over President Reagan's Task Force on Regulatory Relief, predecessor to Vice President Quayle's Competitiveness Council. He seemed to love the job. Unfortunately he never learned from it. He is an uncritical consumer of our politicized culture, buying into most of its sacred promises, no matter how inimical to the politics that got him elected.

Since the Reagan Administration shuffled out of Washington three years ago, the city has been on a regulation binge unmatched since the last days of the Carter grandeur. We have been living through the reregulation of Washington, and it has cost the economy almost enough in terms of productivity to

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account for the present recession. The number of proposed regulations has increased by nearly one-fourth since Ronald Reagan left government. Nearly 4,900 federal regulations have been written by some 122,000 bureaucrats, more than were at work during the last stampede of regulation at the end of the Carter Administration.

The burden on the economy has been oppressive. At the end of the Reagan Administration the annual estimated cost to business of environmental regulation was placed at $102 billion; it is now $123 billion and expected to reach $171 billion by the year 2000, with this year's Clean Air Act alone costing business $25 billion annually. And that is only the cost of environmental regulation. Scores of other noble causes are being advanced by regulators now untrammeled by Reagan's cost-benefit sticklers. Under President Bush the egregious Clean Air Act was only one of several dinosaurs set loose to roam across the back of the economy. There have also been such monsters as the Americans With Disabilities Act and the Civil Rights Act. And then there have been the thousands of leeches placed on the economy, regulations against noise, smells, useful drugs, unlabeled booze, smokers, meat eaters, economic producers, prudent lenders. The Federal Register abounds with arcana intruding into every aspect of American life.

The doggedness of the regulators is a perfect example of how a politicized culture thwarts the presidency. The culture's disesteem for Reaganite cost-benefit sticklers affected President Bush. The culture presented Reaganites as unsavory right-wing ideologues and the President bought it. Rather than put these controversialists in charge of agencies and departments, the President stuck with those sunny, country-club Republicans who had given him loyalty if not intelligence. If they were innocent of the ideas that made the Reagan Administration one of the most successful of this century, so what? As *Newsweek* noted in its January 6 issue, "Reagan appointed ideologues committed to deregulation, while Bush emphasized competence and personal friendships, sometimes without even inquiring about the nominee's philosophy of government."

The philosophical vacuums appointed by the President to head bureaucracies have turned him from being the consolidator of a conservative revolution into the cat's-paw of the *ancien régime*. Things would be much worse were it not for the perspicuity of the Vice President. Mr. Quayle is a conservative by birth who learned still more about conservatism in the 1980s. He recognized the danger regulation posed to economic growth and got the President's agreement to have a Competitiveness Council in the government similar to Vice President Bush's Task Force on Regulatory Relief. He kept a steely eye on bureaucratic marplots while our innocent President went around promising to become the "Education President" and the "Environmental President," apparently without recognizing the bureaucratic cost such promises entail.

Periodically, President Bush would note the accumulating red tape and sound an amazed alarm. In mid-1990 the President recognized the growing regulatory explosion and turned to the Vice President to cut back unnecessary regulation and resolve disputes between regulatory agencies. Now, we are told, the President is again alarmed about the spread of regulation. But the promises issuing from George Bush for a moratorium on regulation are not particularly heartening. He has expressed alarm erratically for three years, while the Competitiveness Council has actually done something, and always under the hostile gaze of Dick Darman, the country-club Republicans' chief Machiavel.

Last November the *National Journal* dubbed George Bush the "Regulatory President," observing that "despite President Bush's anti-regulatory rhetoric, his first term has witnessed the broadest expansion of government's regulatory reach since the early 1970s." "I thought we took care of that," the astonished President responded.

Well, from mid-1990 on the Vice President has tried. He was given a staff of six free marketeers on his Competitiveness Council to do battle with the aforementioned 122,000 bureaucrats. Given that his free marketeers have defensible ideas along with a record of achievement, and that the vacuums have no ideas, those are not bad odds. To begin with, the Council includes the Vice President, the White House chief of staff, the attorney general, the director of OMB, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and the secretaries of commerce and treasury. So it has clout. Moreover it has an excellent executive director in Allan B. Hubbard, who managed the 1988 presidential campaign of that superb advocate of economic growth, former Delaware governor Pete du Pont; and from his deputy, David M. McIntosh, co-founder of the luminous Federalist Society. That they have put together an effective engine of enlightened policy is clear; they are now under investigation in no less than seven congressional committees.

What raises the ire of the agents of the Iron Triangle? The staff members of the Competitiveness Council have not been anesthetized by the stupefacient language of government regulation. Rather than read a week's supply of government regulations, most of us would prefer a stretch in solitary, the prison guards reading aloud, day and night, back issues of the *New York Review of Books*, the menu consisting solely of disgusting fruit juices and the kind of baby food prescribed by the country's health addicts. But the patriots of the Competitiveness Council actually read all the pernicious bulls of the regulators and act.

Some of their actions have had highly beneficial consequences. A 1989 edict, forcing all the Republic's municipal waste combusters to recycle 25 percent of their garbage and costing billions has been rolled back. So has that part of the 1988 Fair Housing Amendment (so-called) requiring all housing units covered by the act to include accommodations for the handicapped whether handicapped people live in them or not. The Council has revised a government regulation that would make banks responsible for cleaning up hazardous waste at properties on which the banks hold loans. The Council's influence will halve the time the FDA takes to approve drugs for life-threatening diseases. More immediately, it has relaxed requirements for a time-consuming process of acquiring government permits for industrial plant modernization, and prevented government from asserting a dubious definition of "wetlands" that would take 100 million acres of perfectly usable land from the free commerce of the private sector. Finally, it has eased regulatory processes that retard developments in the field of biotechnology.

Relying on a body of legal and economic studies that has been expanding for

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decades, the Council has attempted tc make regulations reasonable and practi cal. We know that the environment mus be cleaned up, but we also know tha repristinating it to an imagined premod ern condition is absurd. An 80-to-90 per cent cleanup is desirable. A 100-percen cleanup is economically prohibitive. W also know that justice must be done in th courts, but burdening the courts with nui sance suits only turns the process of lav into an opportunity for venal trial lawyer to gouge productive citizens. Thus th Competitiveness Council has propose fifty civil justice reforms, many that wil dissuade lawyers from attempting extrav agant litigation, and some that will pro tect property rights from insensitive bu reaucrats. Of preeminent importance ar the Council's attempts to place caps o punitive settlements and to adopt th British practice of forcing plaintiffs tc pick up defendants' bills in lost tort cases

Free marketeers and advocates of a competitive America will review the work of the Competitiveness Council with approval. Yet, as Terry Eastland notes in this issue, the council's work seems to be a rear guard actior against the President's philosophica vacuums, who smile atop all the agen cies of his government. Their reregulat ing of Washington continues at a mighty pace. It is a bizarre spectacle, but as time ticks away on the Bush Administration I have come to the conclusion that there is something bizarre about this President. Gentleman that he is, he does seem tc have a little hang-up about his predeces sor, the man to whom he owes not only his office but also the early success of his Administration. Ronald Reagan be queathed him a healthy country, enjoy ing the peaceful break-up of an Evil Em pire and America's longest period of peacetime growth. In President Bush's Christmas message to Americans on the Cold War, he did not even mention Ronald Reagan's name. In his policies he has furtively abandoned the Reagan legacy. There is something very small in a man who cannot acknowledge the greatness of a predecessor now safely retired, and when that smallness leads to the setbacks that the Bush Administra tion has sustained in recent months, one is reminded that the greatest asset for a statesman is not intellect or guile but character. ❐

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Warren Brookes

by Tom Bethell

The columnist Warren Brookes and his wife Jane had lived almost seven years in Lovettsville, Virginia, about sixty miles west of Washington, D.C., but by the summer of 1991 they had a For Sale sign in front of their house. Warren wanted to be closer to the city. At last, his fact-filled columns were beginning to be noticed. The Vice President had even invited him to his Christmas party. A year earlier, Steve Kroft of "60 Minutes" had done a program on acid rain, lending support to Brookes's critique and including a filmed segment of him. The *New York Times*'s new environmental reporter had recently spent a day with Warren in Virginia, and was planning an article on him. Warren's editor, Tom Bray of the *Detroit News*, and Ed Crane of the Cato Institute felt that he should do a book on the environment, and arrangements had been made for Cato and the Competitive Enterprise Institute to provide support. Brookes would be staying at the Capitol Hill Hotel in January and February.

Less than a week before Christmas, Warren and Jane were looking for an apartment on Capitol Hill. They didn't see anything they liked, particularly, and then, after a couple of days' looking, Warren had an attack of the chills. On December 19, Jane phoned *The American Spectator* to say that he wouldn't be able to make it to the magazine's dinner with HUD Secretary Jack Kemp that night. The next day she bundled Warren up and drove him back home to Lovettsville. En route, she stopped at the Loudoun County Hospital and asked him half jokingly if he was sure he didn't want to check in and let them take care of him. She didn't feel so hot herself.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

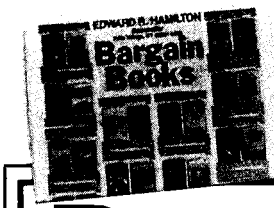
"But I feel so much better," Warren said to her. And that was that. Over the next few days he seemed to improve, worked on his word processor, watched television. On Wednesday, Christmas Day, he took a shower, ate a chicken dish and some mint ice cream, and exchanged presents with Jane. "It never occurred to him that he was very sick," she said. But by Thursday afternoon, things looked entirely different . . .

Warren and Jane Ewing Schwartz had met at the Christian Science Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1956. She was taking a business course at Radcliffe College. He had been brought up as a Christian Scientist by his mother and grandmother, and Jane had become a church member, too, having come across Mary Baker Eddy's book in her grandmother's library in Pennsylvania. They were married in June 1958. Later in life he remained a practicing Christian Scientist, Jane said, but he was not affiliated with a church. Born in 1929, Warren had grown up in New Jersey. The family later moved to Massachusetts, where Warren attended the Brooks School in Andover. He graduated *cum laude* from Harvard in 1952, with a degree in economics.

Warren had business in his blood. His father owned a trade-book business. His grandfather at one point was president of the Chicago Board of Trade, and his brother became president of a chemical company in Baltimore. Warren worked for Cryovac Corporation, a subsidiary of W. R. Grace & Co., and for an advertising company, Kenyon and Eckhardt. Then he became promotions director for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

By the mid-1970s, however, Warren had a falling out with the *Monitor*. He "struggled almost continually with his superiors over the paper's direction during his nine years there," Paul Sullivan wrote recently in the *Boston Herald*. "He suffered an emotional breakdown, quit the paper and did not leave his house in Marblehead for months."

"He couldn't believe that the *Monitor* was following this liberal line," Jane Brookes said. "He disagreed with them so much that he came home and went to bed and said 'I'm going to die.'" It took him about forty days to recover, she recalled. For a while he was in a wheelchair. "There was a sense of crisis at that point.



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I said, 'Dear God, if I can just get him past this . . .'"

He recovered, and soon thereafter wrote an article and contacted the publisher of the (then) *Boston Herald American*, Robert C. Bergenheim.

That was in 1975. Bergenheim put him in the paper and Warren, who at the age of 46 was starting late as a journalist, found an immediate following. He became an editorial columnist for the *Herald American* and rapidly went from strength to strength. In 1978 he wrote a column advocating a property-tax rollback comparable to California's Prop 13. In response, the paper received 16,000 letters favoring the proposal. By 1980, Massachusetts had passed such a measure. "We always called Brookes the father of Prop 2½," said Barbara Anderson of Citizens for Limited Taxation. "We certainly couldn't have done it without him." As a result of the big tax cut, the Massachusetts economy boomed.

"And that's what made me so angry with Michael Dukakis's presidential campaign," Brookes told Don Kowet of the *Washington Times* in 1990. "Dukakis was claiming credit for the 'Massachusetts Miracle' that he had fought all the way, and I decided it was my responsibility to expose him." His columns on the Massachusetts Mess, and the facts therein repeated (sometimes without credit) by other newspapers, certainly didn't help Dukakis. By 1991 Brookes's column was being carried by sixty newspapers, although (as Warren told me himself a year ago) few gave him the prominent display that he received in the *Washington Times*.

In 1982, the author George Gilder said in a foreword to Brookes's book, *The Economy in Mind*, that Warren was "the nation's best columnist on economics and society." Recently, referring to Brookes's phenomenal industry, Gilder said: "He put us all to shame." Post-Reagan, Ed Crane of Cato thought Warren "one of the most significant journalists of our time," and the economist Paul Craig Roberts said that Warren was "the greatest journalist in the world." Petr Beckmann, whose *Access to Energy* newsletter exposes the environmentalists in Brookesian fashion, wrote in January that Warren was "the greatest journalist of our time."

Since 1989, and the appointment of William Reilly as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency (Warren regarded him as little more than an activist in bureaucratic garb; Jane felt a little apprehensive when she saw Reilly at the Vice President's party), Brookes focused on the ever-increasing economic burden created by environmental regulations: a product of sham science, "green" fanaticism, and (given Bush's eagerness to be perceived as the Environmental President) a compliant administration. In one of his last columns, published December 26, Brookes warned that Bush would have to undo the economic damage, preferably by suspending the clean air amendments and cutting capital gains tax rates, and would have to do so quickly, "or it is all over for him."

A colleague of Brookes's unequal contest with the greens has been Fred Smith, whose Competitive Enterprise Institute will attempt to carry on where Brookes left off. "He was beginning to pierce the veil of ignorance that has allowed the environmental laws to posture as wise interventions by government to improve the state of nature," Smith said. "He was showing that they were nothing more than a set of traditional government actions: power grabs cloaked in environmental green." The EPA's "junk science projects," he added, were hysteria calculated to frighten the American people into granting the EPA ever more power. "A theory and some anecdotes" were weaved together with bogus statistics into new programs for more and more regulatory intervention.

It's a sad comment on our supposedly adversary press that Brookes was almost the only journalist who really did stand in an adversarial relationship to this dangerous coalition of bureaucracy and fanaticism. Brookes's method was to dig out the real statistics that belied the anecdotal baloney. Brookes's great achievement was that he did not merely throw up his hands and disparage "lies, damn lies and statistics," but somehow managed to unearth the real science that the bureaucrats neglected as inconvenient to their purpose. (Brookes thereby showed great faith in the integrity of science, incidentally.) He drew attention to the National Acid Precipitation Assessment Program, for example, which had spent $500 million over ten years looking at acid rain, had found that the concerns were vastly overstated, that acid rain was at most a minor problem, perhaps no problem at all, and certainly not one requiring new legislation.

Brookes also showed that other justifications for the Clean Air Act amendments were equally flawed. The EPA's cancer-risk calculations were based on highly unrealistic assumptions. A couple of hot summers had been seized upon by the bureaucracy to exaggerate urban air pollution—later data had been essentially suppressed by the EPA. And so on. "Warren was about to call for a national moratorium on the implementation of the Clean Air Act," Fred Smith said, adding that "there has been a steady improvement in almost all air in all cities."

In a particularly interesting column in November 1991, Brookes pointed to an emerging alliance between big business and environmentalists. "Facing declining grass-root contributions," Brookes wrote, the greens "have turned to corporations to help them raise money, offering 'green ribbons' of approval (or at least benign neglect) in return." The big companies also get to "negotiate" their own regulations, and "are in a much better position to live with" such rules "than smaller companies, which often cannot afford the heavy capital and process costs of meeting these arranged standards." The result is a higher cost of entry for competitors.

Last summer, on Cape Cod, Warren did manage to complete most of the first draft of a book he had long planned on the ways in which science and the new technology are changing economic life—human capital displacing physical capital. But he probably had no idea his time was so short. On the day after Christmas he took to his bed. Jane became concerned and called the Christian Science practitioner who had seen Warren through earlier ailments. By Friday afternoon, December 27, he had fallen into a semi-sleep. "I thought we had time, but we didn't," Jane said. She went to get some rest herself, but by the time she returned to Warren's room, less than two hours later, he was already dead. The coroner's report said "influenza-pneumonia."

Jane said: "At times when I'm awash with tears, you know, I miss him so, it gets perfectly awful, but in a way if I could get out of here that quickly and live to be 62 and do something worthwhile, I would consider it a pretty good life." ❐

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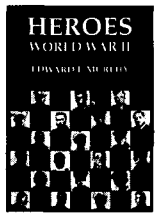

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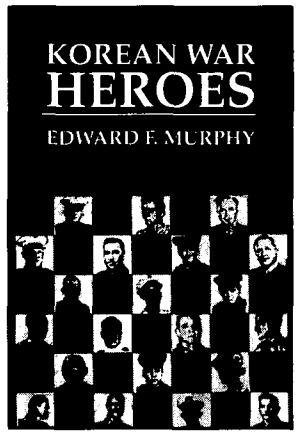

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The Real Anita Hill

James Brudney, Jeanne Simon, Roy Meyers, Timothy Phelps, Nina Totenberg, Gail Laster, Terrel Bell, Ricki Seidman—and the hidden hand of Judge Susan Hoerchner.

by David Brock

On October 3—three days before Anita Hill's accusations against Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas were first published in *Newsday* and aired on National Public Radio—Kate Michelman, the national director of the National Abortion Rights Action League in Washington, called a pro-abortion socialite about a possible contribution. In the course of a discussion of NARAL's activities, Michelman mentioned that the group's leaders were "very excited because we have Anita Hill."

The woman asked who Anita Hill was. "She's going to come forward with a claim of sexual harassment against Clarence Thomas," Michelman said. "We've been working on her since July." (Michelman wouldn't comment on the call.)

The woman was subsequently moved to contact a Republican senator after listening to the following exchange between GOP Sen. Hank Brown of Colorado and Hill during the first day of the second round of Thomas hearings:

> BROWN: You mentioned that you talked to several staffers and then eventually made a decision to come forward and you chatted with the committee and had a variety of conversations there. Were there others that you talked to after you talked to those two staffers and before you decided to speak to the committee?
>
> HILL: I talked with personal friends. I talked with individuals who knew more about Title VII law than I did.
>
> BROWN: But I take it none of these conversations included people who were actively opposing the nomination?
>
> HILL: No.

There are two possible interpretations of this exchange. One is that Hill had talked with Michelman or other feminist activists and was lying about it. A

David Brock, a Washington-based investigative reporter, is at work on a book on Congress and foreign policy for HarperCollins.

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more likely one is that Michelman was speaking figuratively: NARAL had been "working on" Hill, pressuring her, since July, through Hill's personal friends, congressional staffers, and reporters. It is with these people, of course, that the sordid story begins.

Despite immediate threats from the anti-Thomas camp that Thomas would be "Borked," his opponents got off to a rocky start. By the end of July, a month after the Thomas nomination, the National Organization for Women, NARAL, the Women's Legal Defense Fund, People for the American Way, the Alliance for Justice, and the Congressional Black Caucus were all allied against Thomas. However, the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, the NAACP, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, and the National Urban League were all withholding judgement.

This put the Black Caucus in an embarrassing position. According to one member, the Caucus had blindly followed the lead of D.C. Delegate Eleanor Holmes Norton, who had been the EEOC chairman under President Carter and considers herself in line to be the first black woman on the Supreme Court. Norton harbors a personal antipathy towards Thomas, whose superior management of the EEOC made Norton look like a bureaucratic bungler. She also is infamous for her fierce intolerance of black leaders like Thomas who don't toe the line of the civil rights establishment on questions such as racial quotas.

The only person so far to emerge who made a connection between Hill and Thomas and sexual harassment at the moment of his nomination on July 1 is Susan Hoerchner, a friend of Hill's who later testified publicly on her behalf.

By late July, panicky Black Caucus members enlisted the help of sympathetic officials at the AFL-CIO in getting the other civil-rights groups into an anti-Thomas posture. Although big labor, a major financial backer of both the Leadership Conference and the NAACP, put the screws to black trade unionists on the NAACP board, the first NAACP vote on Thomas was split; in the second round, some pro-Thomas holdouts thwarted a unanimous no vote. Over at the Leadership Conference, executive director Ralph Neas banged heads together for weeks to produce what he called a "consensus" against the nomination. Thus, in a pattern familiar to dissident black academics, the civil rights leadership coalesced, if hesitantly, to squelch Thomas and his unorthodox views.

With the divisions among themselves papered over, the anti-Thomas coalition faced another hurdle: they had little or no ammunition with which to shoot him down. Thomas had been the top decision-maker at a large and closely watched federal agency for seven years. He was the premier black neoconservative in the Reagan Administration, having given numerous speeches and written a host of articles on the hot-button topics of the day. The fact that he had been investigated by the FBI, and confirmed by the Senate, four times and that he'd survived innumerable contentious oversight hearings meant that there was not much ore left to mine. Only his tenure on the D.C. appeals court, short and unremarkable, had been theretofore unexamined by the opposition.

It was perhaps inevitable that the anti-Thomas campaign would turn on charges, true or not, of private ethics or beliefs; the public Thomas was virtually spotless.

Already before the first round of hearings, a pattern along these lines had emerged in the anti-Thomas stories marketed by the interest groups to the press. A pre-cooked story broke once every ten days or so, in a steady rhythm, throughout the summer. One negative story never sat on another. And the stories were always given as exclusives to one media outlet for maximum play. Thomas was a secret sympathizer of Louis Farrakhan, or of the apartheid regime in South Africa; he'd experimented with marijuana and watched porn films at Yale; he'd hung a Confederate flag in his office in Missouri; he had an unpaid tax bill; he had billed the government inappropriately for personal travel. Questions were raised about why Thomas had married a white woman, and about Thomas's religion (a theme explored by Democratic Sen. Paul Simon of Illinois, in perhaps the lowest point of the first round of hearings: "He attends an Episcopal Church that has made a crusade out of the [anti-abortion] stand").

None of these scandal stories got up and walked, either because they were trivial or just plain false (for example, the flag in question, which had been fodder for a long *New York Times* take-out, was a Georgia state flag). In making his case, Thomas had the assistance of well-organized partisans who left no challenge unmet, no charge unanswered. For instance, on the same day that the Women's Legal Defense Fund announced its opposition to Thomas, an ad hoc group calling itself Women for Judge Thomas held a press conference to praise him. This at least produced neutral headlines: "Women Divided on Thomas." Paul Weyrich's Free Congress Foundation matched the anti-Thomas interest groups press release by press release. During the first round of hearings, the Thomas spokesmen huddled in the conference room of GOP Sen. Thad Cochran of Mississippi, watching on television, and at every break they would hurry GOP Sen. John Danforth of Missouri, Thomas's chief Senate sponsor, to the set of microphones outside the hearing room. A senator will always attract the television cameras; Danforth would try to talk through the break, denying Michelman, Neas, & Co. the chance to put their spin on the story.

Having failed to wound Thomas through two weeks of

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hearings, thanks in part to the successful (but not terribly enlightening) White House coaching, the Thomas foes faced the prospect of a 9-5 favorable vote in committee. The committee numbers shifted to 8-6 when, according to Senate staffers, Howell Heflin, a moderate Democrat from Alabama, was somehow convinced by liberal black Republican Bill Coleman and NAACP lobbyist Elaine Jones that a vote against Thomas wouldn't backfire with blacks in his home state. Adhering to the view that it is politically perilous to be to the right of Heflin on anything, Biden decided to vote against Thomas, too.

Nonetheless, after the committee vote, it was clear that the momentum was with Thomas. Two Republicans who had voted against Bork, John Warner of Virginia and Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, were backing Thomas, and important Southern Democrats like Bennett Johnston of Louisiana began announcing for him, too. So concerned were the Thomas opponents, that word went out in the Democratic cloakroom to stop announcing before the Senate debate. In short, in late September, Thomas's confirmation was a near-certainty.

Enter Anita Hill, whose sexual harassment story had been circulating, as Michelman averred in her fund-raising phone call, since July. It was a private matter, impossible to disprove—a charge tailor-made for the fix that the Thomas foes found themselves in. For despite the anti-Thomas camp's desperation, the Hill affair could never have happened without the complicity of the Senate and press, both of which unquestioningly accepted Hill's "credibility" without investigating.

Michelman, of course, wasn't the only one who knew about Anita Hill's story as early as July; so did some members of the press with good connections with Senate staffers. Timothy Phelps, the *Newsday* reporter who broke the Hill story, stated on "Nightline," in a town meeting following Thomas's confirmation, that he had heard the story in July but that it wasn't solid enough to report. National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg, the other reporter who simultaneously broke the story, said in a January *Vanity Fair* interview that she had known about it in July as well.

But how and why did the story surface for the first time in July? The only person so far to emerge who had made a connection between Hill and Thomas and sexual harassment at the moment of his nomination on July 1 is Susan Hoerchner, a friend of Hill's who later testified publicly on her behalf. (Neither Hill nor Hoerchner responded to calls requesting interviews.) In a previously undisclosed deposition given to Senate Judiciary Committee staffers on October 10, Hoerchner was asked:

Q. What were your views when Judge Thomas was nominated for the Court. What were your personal views about that?

A. Shock.

Q. Why was that?

A. I just remember waiting for them to explain his background and then yelling to my husband, "He's the one."

It seems likely from the record that Hoerchner was mistaken in her recollection of the events of 1981, and as a result she set the entire train of events in motion, with Anita Hill going along for the ride. In her staff deposition and on another occasion, Hoerchner told interviewers that the call in which Hill said she was being sexually harassed occurred before September 1981, i.e., *before* Hill had gone to work for Thomas.

In her testimony to the Judiciary Committee, Anita Hill stated: "I began working with Clarence Thomas in the early fall of 1981. . . . Early on, our working relationship was positive. . . . After approximately three months of working together, he asked me to go out with him socially." She told him no, and the first alleged incident of harassment occurred in "the following few weeks"—i.e., in late December 1981 or January 1982.

Hoerchner told interviewers that the call in which Hill said she was being sexually harassed occurred before September 1981, i.e., before *Hill had gone to work for Thomas.*

Now, consider Hoerchner's deposition:

Q. And, in an attempt to try to pin down the date a little bit more specifically as to your first phone conversation about the sexual harassment issue in 1981, the year you mentioned, you said the first time you moved out of Washington was September of 1981; is that correct?

A. Right.

Q. Okay. Were you living in Washington at the time you two had this phone conversation?

A. Yes.

Q. When she told you?

A. Yes.

Q. So it was prior to September of 1981?

A. Oh, I see what you're saying.

Moments later, Hoerchner's attorney Janet Napolitano, a feminist activist who was also advising Anita Hill, asked for a recess. Remember, Hoerchner had told interviewers several times that the call occurred before September 1981. After conferring with Napolitano, Hoerchner, back on the record again, was asked by a Democratic staff counsel:

Q. When you had the initial phone conversation with Anita Hill and she spoke for the first time about sexual harassment, do you recall where you were living—what city?

A. I don't know for sure.

According to a GOP Senate staffer, such pre-interviewing of public witnesses is somewhat unusual for the committee; it is useful primarily as a damage control device. In her statement to the Senate three days later, Hoerchner

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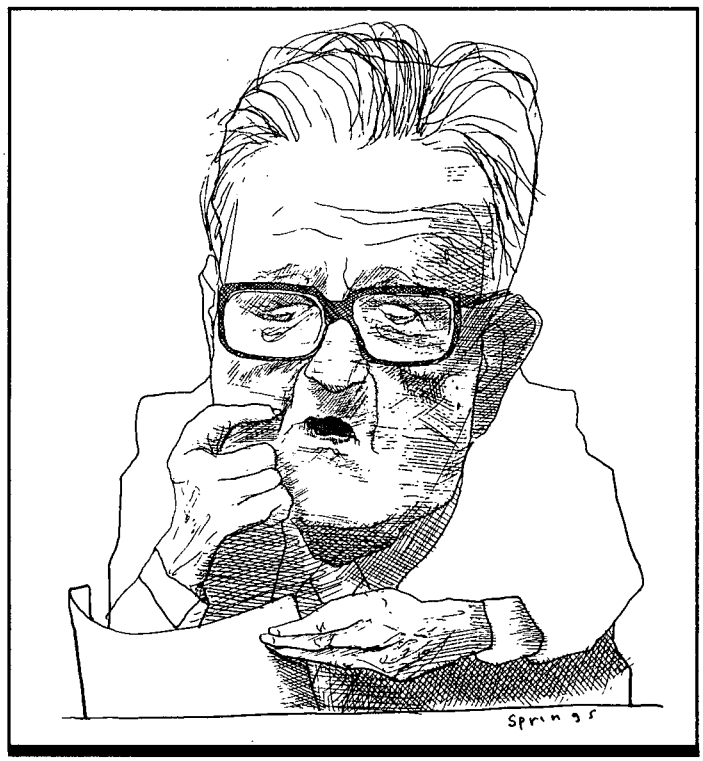
made a point of disclaiming any knowledge of the date of the conversation. "I remember, in particular, one telephone conversation I had with Anita. I should say, before telling you about this conversation, that I cannot pin down its date with certainty."

But immediately beforehand, Hoerchner implied that the critical telephone conversation took place when she was speaking with Hill on a regular basis, beginning in 1980, when they both moved to Washington from Yale, and ending in September 1981, when Hoerchner went on assignment to California. "We were both busy with our new jobs, so we did not get together with great frequency. What we did do, however, was keep in touch by telephone. Those conversations would often last as much as an hour. I remember, in particular, one telephone conversation I had with Anita . . ."

When Biden asked her, "How did you know that the problem continued after first being made aware of it in the conversation that you related to us, here today?" Hoerchner responded: "In telephone conversations I asked and she led me to understand that it was happening, and often would say, she didn't want to talk about it at that time." Yet Hoerchner had described her contacts with Hill after leaving Washington in September 1981 as "sporadic" and provided only one example in her deposition, of meeting Hill at a professional seminar in 1984.

If the regular telephone calls stopped when Hoerchner moved to California, Hill could not have been referring to Thomas in those calls: she wasn't working for him yet.



In addition to Hoerchner's deposition, there is another record of the crucial Hoerchner-Hill phone call that places it prior to Hill's working for Thomas. Buried in a report issued by Biden on Judiciary Committee contact with Hill is this passage, based on Judiciary Committee staff notes: "Between Sept. 12 and Sept. 19, full committee staff did not hear from Professor Hill, but received one phone call from Professor Hill's friend—on Sept. 18—who explained that she had one conversation with Professor Hill—*in the spring of 1981.*" (Emphasis mine.)

In the spring of 1981, Hill could only have been referring to conduct by someone at Wald, Harkrader, and Ross, the law firm where she worked before moving to the Education Department. Hill may have been sexually harassed at the firm. But according to several people who worked at Wald, Harkrader at the time, the word around the office was that Hill had leveled a charge of sexual harassment to deflect attention from serious professional difficulties; none of the firm's partners, however, say they knew about any such charge being made formally. Whether or not she was harassed or charged harassment, then, Hill apparently told Hoerchner she had been, and the story came back to haunt her on July 1 of last year.

In an affidavit submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee, John Burke, Jr., the Wald, Harkrader partner who coordinated assignments for attorneys in Hill's division, told of his evaluation of Hill in late winter or early spring 1981: "I expressed my concerns, and those of my partners, that her work was not at the level we would expect from a lawyer with her credentials, even considering the fact that she was a first-year associate. During the course of that performance evaluation, I suggested to Anita Hill that it would be in her interest to consider seeking employment elsewhere because, based on the evaluations, her prospects at the firm were limited."

Other attorneys who were considering coming forward to corroborate Burke's affidavit say they were called and talked out of doing so by Bob Wald, one of the original partners and the husband of Patricia Wald, a liberal Carter appointee on the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals. Wald badmouthed another former Wald, Harkrader attorney who was trying to get the attorneys to tell what they knew, saying the attorney was getting involved only because the attorney wanted Thomas's seat on the D.C. Circuit. Wald denies exerting such pressure.

The only other attorney to come forward from Wald, Harkrader was Donald Green, whose affidavit was portrayed in the press as contradicting Burke's. Yet the best thing Green could say about Hill was that "her performance was not held to be unsatisfactory by the Wald firm"—a fairly damning statement to anyone familiar with law firm lingo. Green also said: "Certainly the Associate Development Committee, which I chaired, did not ask or press her to leave." But what if the Committee, which kept routine track of associates' progress, knew only that Hill's performance was lackluster, but did not know about another fix she was in—an ethical one? One Wald attorney—who did not provide any documentary proof—says that Hill was caught fal-

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sifying time sheets used to bill clients, because she couldn't meet the demands placed on young associates at the firm.

Hill's propensity to cover up this history was on display in her Senate testimony. When asked by Biden about the circumstances of her leaving the firm, she replied: "I was interested in seeking other employment. It was never suggested to me at the firm that I should leave the law firm in any way."

Given Hill's problems at Wald, Harkrader, Hoerchner's description of the call to Hill begins to make sense: "It was clear when we started this conversation that something was badly wrong. Anita sounded very depressed and spoke in a dull monotone. I asked Anita how things were going at work. Instead of a cheery, 'Oh, just busy,' her usual response, this time she led me to understand that there was a serious problem."

Indeed there was. So serious—according to a close associate of Thomas—that Gilbert Hardy, a Wald, Harkrader partner who was a friend of Clarence Thomas, called Thomas, told him that a young associate at the firm was in trouble, and suggested Thomas might hire her as an assistant in his office at Education.

According to Hill's former co-workers at the EEOC, she knew Metzenbaum aide James Brudney quite well. They say that Hill often spoke of going out with Brudney, and of having spent weekends at his apartment when she worked there.

Hoerchner's confusion about—or embellishment of—the call to Hill was apparent throughout her deposition:

> Q. Just moving ahead in the time frame, did you ever discuss with Anita Hill her reasons for leaving her job at the EEOC?
>
> A. Yes, I did. When we had that major telephone call that I can—at least the major one in my memory, she said that she was going to give herself some time and she was going to leave because of that, whether or not she had another job.

Hill, of course, left the EEOC at least eighteen months *after* this conversation would have taken place. The reference could only have been to Hill's troubles at the law firm.

Later in the deposition, Hoerchner was confronted with the impossibility of Hill's having spoken about the EEOC in a 1981 phone call:

> Q. Is it possible, Judge Hoerchner, that she was referring to—again, I understand the comments you made about your recollection—is it possible that she was referring to the same time period in which she worked at EEOC?
>
> A. Well, I was trying to remember all of this at first. At one point, I thought it was EEOC, but I was drawing conclusions based on other parts of my memory.

An interesting formulation, that. On July 1, Hoerchner, tapping into some part of her memory, recalled her belief that Clarence Thomas had sexually harassed her friend Hill. She immediately telephoned Hill. In the deposition, Hoerchner was asked why she had called Hill, and she said she believed Thomas had an "attitude towards power." She continued: "It came from the idea that most of the positions that he had that I knew about were in civil rights, equal employment opportunity, and that this behavior really showed a disregard for general principles of equal opportunity or the rights of individuals, and it led me to believe that he possibly thought that the law was for other people."

And there we have the initial motive. At some point after she had the phone call about sexual harassment from Hill, and after Hill had gone to work for Thomas, the politically prejudiced Hoerchner must have wrongly connected the two facts. (Bear in mind that, according to some of her colleagues at the National Labor Relations Board at the time, Hoerchner had a reputation as notoriously obtuse and discombobulated, stretching back to her days at Yale.) When Thomas was nominated to the Supreme Court, it became her duty to get Hill to come forward to stop him. Hoerchner became so sure of Thomas's guilt in the ensuing weeks that she likely never stopped to examine her own story with care. In the phone call with Senate staff, and in the staff deposition, Hoerchner blurted out the truth, eventually realized that it didn't fit the story she was telling, and then recanted any knowledge of the date of the call.

It is also evident that Hoerchner, like Hill, was quite capable of misleading the committee. She herself brought a charge of sexual harassment against a fellow workman's compensation judge—a man in his sixties—in Norwalk, California. The judge resigned during the ensuing publicity, perhaps supplying Hoerchner with grounds for believing that leveling an accusation is tantamount to proving it. Yet when asked by Senator Alan Simpson about this imbroglio, Hoerchner twice denied it:

> SIMPSON: Judge Hoerchner, I asked you if you had ever filed a charge of sexual harassment. I don't think you indicated to me that you had.
>
> HOERCHNER: That's correct.

Simpson then produced a record of the charge, and asked again:

> SIMPSON: But you did file a claim of sexual harassment against a fellow judge within your system?
>
> HOERCHNER: I cannot say that I didn't.

Next, let's examine what is revealed in Hoerchner's deposition about the Hoerchner-Hill phone conversation on July 1. Hoerchner asked Hill, "Well, you've heard the news?" Apparently, there was only the vaguest discussion of the circumstances of the harassment of ten years ago:

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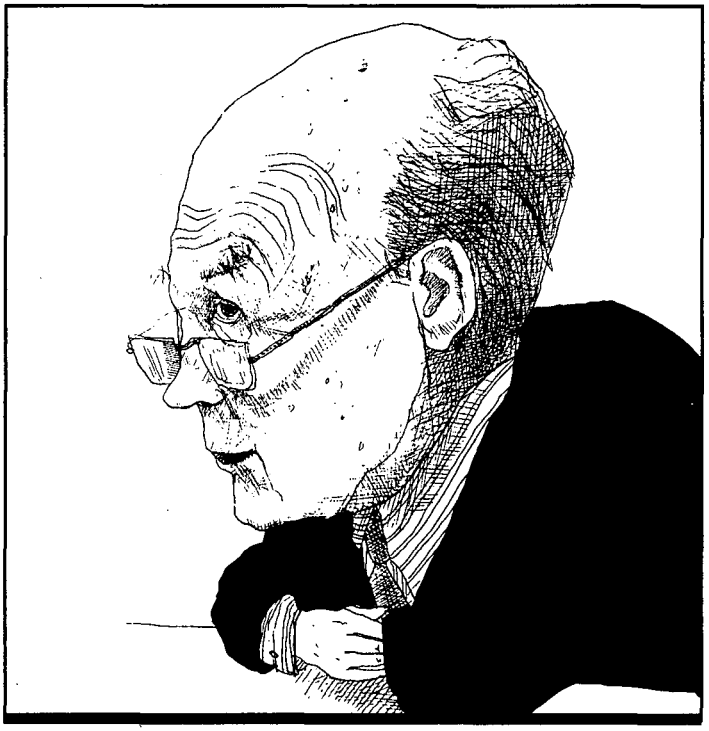
"You know, she knew I knew. I knew she knew I knew," Hoerchner told the staff interviewers.

But what if Hill "knew" no such thing? According to the deposition, Hill only "verified" that the sexual harasser was Thomas, indicating that it was Hoerchner, not Hill, who first came up with his name. Hoerchner asked her "whether she was going to say anything and she did not answer that directly. And she really surprised me with her answer."

My theory is that rather than correct Hoerchner's wrong impression, and thus open to unwelcome scrutiny the unpleasant Wald, Harkrader episode of 1981, Hill went along with Hoerchner's assumption while at the same time implying that she wanted to drop the whole matter. But Hoerchner likely wouldn't take no for an answer and must have been the one to bring the story, for the first time ever, to Washington. This explains why it never surfaced in prior Thomas confirmations. It had to spring from outside the Beltway at a moment when Thomas began to make national headlines.



There is one person that Hoerchner would have turned to for help. She knew James Brudney, counsel to a Senate subcommittee chaired by Howard Metzenbaum. They'd been at Yale together and Brudney had been a classmate of Hoerchner's brother. Hoerchner in the deposition said she knew that Hill knew Brudney. According to Hill's former co-workers at the EEOC, she knew Brudney quite well. They say that Hill often spoke of going out with Brudney, and of having spent weekends at his apartment when she worked there.

More than any other Hill staffer, Brudney, acting in the name of Metzenbaum, made it his aim to defeat Clarence Thomas. He has a reputation as a fierce and unprincipled partisan, willing to misread the law or go back on compromise agreements to serve his ends. As part of the anti-Thomas chicanery, he worked hand-in-glove with Nan Aron, the director of the Alliance for Justice, and if one compares the Alliance for Justice's critique of Thomas's record at the EEOC with Metzenbaum's, the similarities are too striking to be mere coincidence.

It can be assumed that once Brudney had heard even a hint of an allegation involving Thomas and sex, in short order questions were being asked and gossip was being traded through the circle of staffers, left-wing interest groups, and journalists who concern themselves with digging up dirt on conservative nominees.

At some point after the July 1 call, Hill reversed her position about talking. The only hint of the timing of the change is in the transcript of Hill's October 6 interview with NPR's Totenberg, who said: ". . . in early September, she changed her mind." Under questioning from Sen. Arlen Specter, Hill testified about a series of calls in early September from three Senate staffers. They were Gail Laster, an investigator for Sen. Howard Metzenbaum; Ricki Seidman, an aide to Sen. Ted Kennedy; and Brudney. (None of these staffers serves the Judiciary Committee, which Biden has tried to keep free of left-wing crazies.)

Laster was the first to call, on September 4, but didn't reach Hill. On September 5, Hill called Laster: ". . . during that call she asked me if I knew anything about allegations of sexual harassment. . . . My response was that I did not have any comment . . . we [then] talked about general issues involving women in the workplace, what I thought of [Thomas's] views on that, on those issues," Hill testified.

On September 6, Ricki Seidman called Hill. Seidman had joined the Kennedy staff just days after Thomas's nomination. Previously, she had been the research director of People for the American Way, and was largely responsible for that organization's gross misrepresentation of Robert Bork's record in 1987.

In her testimony about this call, Hill said: ". . . she again asked me about rumors or did I know anything or had I heard any rumors while I was at the EEOC involving his tolerance, Judge Thomas' tolerance of sexual harassment. . . . At that point I told Ms. Seidman that I would neither confirm nor deny any knowledge of that." But later in the conversation, Hill testified, she told Seidman "that I wanted to think about it and that I would get back to her."

On September 7 or 8, Hill said she called Seidman and asked her "if I were to discuss this matter, where should I go? . . . At that point she told me she knew someone who worked on the Senate Labor Committee, James Brudney. . . . She also said that she had his telephone number." Hill, of course, already knew Brudney and may have spoken with him previously; these are only the calls that are known to have taken place, from the public record.

According to a chronology given by Metzenbaum on the Senate floor, Hill called Brudney on September 9, and Brudney returned the call on September 10. Hill was never asked in the hearing to relate the specific contents of that

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conversation. However, Senator Brown, in what I am told was a reference to what Hill—in a telephone conversation prior to her testimony—had told him about the Brudney call, asked:

> BROWN: I guess what had occurred to me when I heard that description from you was that, at least the inference in my mind, was that the fact that there were stories or there could be stories circulating relating to sexual harassment, and perhaps the sexual harassment towards you, that that was one of the factors that encouraged you to come forward?
>
> HILL: That was definitely one of the factors. I did not want the committee to rely on rumors. I did not want the rumors to perhaps circulate through the press without at least considering the possibilities or exploring the possibilities through the committee process of coming forward . . .

Brudney was the first staffer to tell Hill that it was known that the sexual harassment rumors related specifically to her. This seems to have tipped the balance. Hill told Brown in their telephone conversation that Brudney told her that everyone in Washington knew that she had been sexually harassed, and that she owed it to herself to come forward. Brudney was also the first staffer to discuss with Hill the possibility that Thomas might withdraw if she came forward.

Then–Education Secretary Terrel Bell received several allegations of sexual harassment from Anita Hill during the time she worked at the department. The charges were directed at Education officials other than Clarence Thomas.

Hill initially hid her contacts with these Senate staffers, as well as later conversations with Democratic staffers on the Judiciary Committee. John B. Luton, one of the FBI agents who interviewed Hill on September 23, submitted a confidential statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee dated October 11, noting discrepancies in her testimony when compared with statements she made in the FBI interview. "She advised the interviewing Agents that she made the decision to prepare the statement after several telephone conversations with her personal friend, Susan Hoerchner. . . . She did not mention the telephone conversations that she had had with representatives of the Judiciary Committee."

On September 10, Hoerchner—tipped off by Brudney?—called Hill again. "I was very surprised because at this point she [Hill] was interested in making some sort of statement," Hoerchner told the staff interviewers. She then described a series of subsequent calls leading up to September 23, the day Hill issued her statement to the Judiciary Committee.

There are other signs pointing to Hoerchner as the link between Hill and those in Washington who wanted the story out. According to Senate sources, Hoerchner had been in contact with the Alliance for Justice, probably at Brudney's suggestion, which sent entreaties to Hill through Hoerchner. "I had the feeling that I was calling her," Hoerchner said. "At first it wasn't, I would say—let me see—either once a week or every week and a half, just to see if she knew what had happened or if someone was going to call me . . ." At another point in the deposition, Hoerchner said: "I was putting out the information. You know, if there was a question someone would contact. Either it would be believed, accepted, rejected, or more information requested . . ."

Brudney had persuaded Hill to do something, but she ran up against Judiciary Committee rules. The barrier to any investigation of Hill's charges, including an FBI interview of both Hill and Thomas, was Hill's insistence on total anonymity.

On September 12, three days after speaking with Brudney, Hill first contacted Senate Judiciary Committee staffer Harriet Grant and was told that the committee could do little with a totally anonymous allegation, according to the Biden report on committee contact with Hill. On September 20, Judiciary Committee staff again heard from Hill, who wanted to review her "options." "It was then proposed," the report stated, "that if Professor Hill wanted to proceed, her name would be given to the FBI, the matter would be investigated, and the nominee would be interviewed."

Hill balked at involving the FBI. According to the staff deposition of Hoerchner, Hill called Hoerchner on September 22 and asked how she could avoid involving the FBI. Hoerchner said Hill "was told [by Senate staff] her only option was to be investigated by the FBI, and we both thought it was odd, and I thought there should have been some alternative where she could make a statement with her name being used, as some sort of an intermediate measure." On September 23, Hill took Hoerchner's advice. She faxed a statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee claiming that when she worked for Thomas he had pressured her to date him, and had spoken to her about sexual acts in a graphic manner in the office. Interestingly, the words "sexual harassment" didn't appear anywhere in the statement.

Contrary to almost all media reports, including Totenberg's, the Hill statement was simply a statement—signed, but not notarized. It was not a sworn affidavit—Hill, after all, is a lawyer, and she must have known the rules of evidence, and the penalties for lying under oath.

Finally, Hill suggested in the statement that some person (or persons) had been feeding the story to the press even before her statement was made. She wrote, "In the past few weeks, I have had numerous opportunities to present my story to the press and have declined to do so." In other words, those who knew about Hill in Washington were already acting to take the decision on whether to come forward out of Hill's hands.

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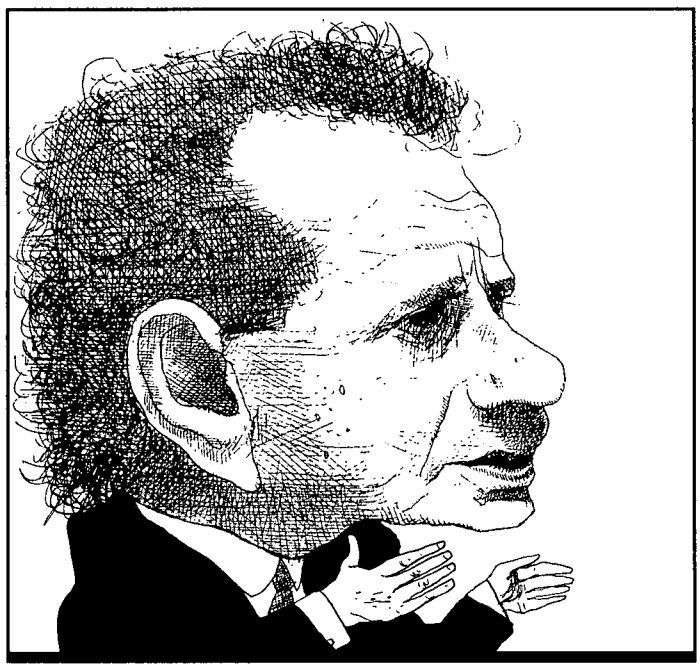
After faxing the statement, Hill called Harriet Grant and the subject of the FBI came up again. This time, Hill indicated that she no longer objected to speaking with the FBI, and that night in Norman, Oklahoma, two FBI agents interviewed her.

In the FBI interview, the only person identified as a possible corroborating source for Hill was Susan Hoerchner. Only after the story made national headlines did three additional sources of corroboration come forward on their own (as had Hoerchner) to remind Hill that they recalled her mentioning sexual harassment to them. Moreover, none of the three testified that she had identified Clarence Thomas as the perpetrator.

Hoerchner was the only witness who testified that Hill referred to "my boss Clarence." Someone had to do it, and I think Hoerchner perjured herself on this point for the cause. (In her deposition the prior week, Hoerchner had said about the harasser's identity: "I think she referred to him as Clarence.") The other three—Ellen Wells, John Carr, and Joel Paul—testified that she complained of harassment by an unnamed "supervisor," a curious term for a special assistant to use in reference to an assistant secretary or the chairman of a federal agency.



How to explain the other witnesses' accounts, all of which, unlike Hoerchner's, correspond to periods when Hill was in fact working for Thomas? It turns out that Anita Hill may have complained off and on about sexual harassment during the time she worked for Thomas—but her complaints were never directed against Thomas.

Then–Education Secretary Terrel Bell received several allegations of sexual harassment from Anita Hill during the time she worked at the department, according to a former Department of Education official who was told of this by Bell in recent weeks. The charges were directed at Education officials other than Clarence Thomas. Bell told this official that Hill insisted on bringing the charges, in confidence, to the personal attention of the Secretary; Bell had the charges checked out, but nothing came of them. Bell "didn't want to get involved" in the Hill-Thomas tussle, according to the former official, and so he stayed unforgivably silent on the matter during the October hearings.

Bell, however, says he must have been misunderstood. He told me he remembered that Hill had once come to his office asking to see him, but she spoke only to an aide, who put Hill off. Bell says he never found out why she had come to him. Yet if this was so, how on earth would Bell have recalled the event at all? "Can't help you," he says.

As for the EEOC, there is no question Hill had a supervisor other than Thomas who sometimes spoke of sexual matters in the office, including references to his collection of pornographic movies, according to several EEOC co-workers of Hill's. While none of these sources can recall a negative reaction from Hill to these comments, it's conceivable that she mentioned them in passing to Wells, Carr, and Paul.

So the explanation for Hill's seemingly counterintuitive actions toward Thomas—inviting him to her apartment, following him from one job to another, and keeping in touch by telephone for years after leaving his employ—seems, in the end, rather simple: Thomas was innocent.

All of which leads us to the question that so bedeviled the Thomas-Hill inquiry—what motive would Anita Hill have had for knowingly making a false charge of sexual harassment against Clarence Thomas? Such a question can only begin to be answered by delving into a subject that neither the Senate nor the press corps dared try to answer: Who is Anita Hill?

This was not necessarily for lack of trying. GOP Judiciary Committee staff wanted to subpoena employment records from Wald, Harkrader, and medical records from Hill's hospitalization in 1982, but the Democrats blocked it.

At this writing, there are two exceptions to the lack of national media attention on Hill. Shortly after the hearings, Lally Weymouth, a *Washington Post* columnist, published an op-ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal* that had been refused by the *Post*. Weymouth was able to shed a good deal of light on Hill's politics. Bob Cohn, a *Newsweek* reporter, wrote a piece for the *New Republic* on what was billed as his unsuccessful foray down the "Thomas-Hill dirt trail." What was interesting about Cohn's piece was that while the so-called dirt on Thomas didn't check out at all, the Hill dirt, which Cohn pooh-poohed with equal fervor, came from on-the-record interviews and sworn affidavits.

Although the most popular theory to account for Hill's anti-Thomas feelings is that she had a "fatal attraction" to him, the evidence suggests that his rejection of her was professional, not personal. At the EEOC, it seems that a young, ambitious, but not terribly talented woman developed some hard feelings against her boss. At Education, Hill had little competition from anyone for Thomas's ear. But, according

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to several EEOC co-workers, at the agency it became quickly apparent that Hill would be one of many attorney-advisers on the chairman's staff, and that she was probably the least capable of the bunch.

Hill was rejected twice for a position she had her eye on, that of chief attorney-adviser. The second time, Hill took particular umbrage, because the job went to Alyson Duncan, an attractive black lawyer. "I'm just as smart as she is," Hill told one co-worker after the Duncan appointment was announced.

Eventually frustrated at not commanding the attention she thought her due, she left her job working for a rising star in the Reagan Administration to take a position at a fourth-rate law school. As former colleague Phyllis Berry put it in a letter to GOP Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina: "I found her to be untrustworthy, selfish, and extremely bitter following a colleague's appointment to head the Office of Legal Counsel at EEOC. . . . After she was passed over for the promotion, she was adamant in her desire to leave the agency and discussed this with me privately." (Thomas supporters like Berry were presumed to have come forward to protect their connections to him. But Berry, in fact, had been fired by Thomas.)

A secondary political motivation was likely. It is difficult to say whether Hill was in sync with Thomas when the two worked together but later veered toward the left, or whether the differences were there all along. In any event, at two crucial junctures in her testimony, Hill clearly indicated that as of 1991, she saw herself as opposing some of Thomas's views, specifically on *Roe* v. *Wade*. First came an exchange with Sen. Brown:

> HILL: Well, I am not really sure what his philosophy on many issues is. And so I can't say that I am in agreement or disagreement. I can say that during the times that we were there, worked together, there were matters that we agreed on and some that we did not agree on and we had discussions about those matters. But I am not really certain what his philosophies are at this point.
>
> BROWN: Would that be the case with regard to say, abortion or *Roe* v. *Wade*?
>
> HILL: That I am not sure of his philosophies?
>
> BROWN: Sure of his philosophy or do you perceive a significant difference between the two of you in that area?
>
> HILL: Yes.
>
> BROWN: Can you tell us what that might be? I don't mean to pressure you here. If you would prefer not to, please don't. But if there is something that you could share with us in that area, I think the committee would like to hear it.

At this point, Biden interrupted Brown and ruled that the subject of the hearing was possible sexual harassment by Thomas, not Thomas's views on abortion. The conventional interpretation of this interruption, advanced by committee Democrats, was that Biden was trying to protect Thomas, who had indicated that he had no formed opinion about *Roe*. But it is just as conceivable that Biden was trying to protect Hill from divulging further *her* views on *Roe*.

At another, largely overlooked, juncture in her testimony, Hill had this exchange with Sen. Strom Thurmond, the South Carolina Republican:

> THURMOND: Professor Hill, I understand you told the FBI that you had concerns about the political philosophy of Judge Thomas and that he may no longer be open-minded. Is that accurate?
>
> HILL: I told them that I did not quite understand, but as they had been represented, yes, that I did have some concerns.
>
> THURMOND: I have the FBI report here, and I just wondered if you remember telling them that.
>
> HILL: I remember discussion about political philosophy and I remember specifically saying that I'm not quite sure that we understand his political philosophies. But based on what I understand, yes, there is some discomfort.

Some male students told me they started writing their exams in an elaborate cursive style, hoping to fool Hill into thinking they were women.

After leaving Washington, Hill fared even worse as a law professor, according to many of her former students at Oral Roberts and the University of Oklahoma. (While several students I contacted offered no comment on Hill, *none* had anything good to say about her.) "We had some high-quality instructors and we had some bad ones," says one former Oral Roberts student. "Anita Hill was the worst of the lot."

According to several students, Hill was known to show up late and unprepared for class, and not show up at all for her scheduled office hours. One student described her as "kooky." Another said, "She had no grasp of the material, and when she was asked a question she couldn't answer or was challenged in any way, she would get visibly angry and then say something irrational, like 'Well, the case was decided that way because women are always right.'" Another refrain favored by Hill was that "It doesn't matter who's right or wrong, it's who controls the court."

As Weymouth reported, extreme sensitivity to gender politics also characterized Hill in the classroom, another indication that Hill is not the political conservative that the media made her out to be. Many students remembered Hill going through the roof if the pronoun "he" was used by a student in a hypothetical example. Hill's feminism, however, never appeared to be deep. "You got the strong idea that she was for women's rights. She'd say, 'Women are always taken advantage of,' things like that, but there was no philosophy or point of view," said another former student.

In fact, Hill's behavior struck more than one of her colleagues not as feminism, but as plain sexism-in-reverse. "Her flirtatiousness, her provocative manner of dress, was not sweet or sexy, it's sort of angry, almost a weapon," said

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one former colleague. Many men in Hill's classes felt that she gave men a more difficult time than she did women, letting women who couldn't answer questions off the hook, while grilling the men. Some male students told me they started writing their exams in an elaborate cursive style, hoping to fool Hill into thinking they were women. One time, Hill made the statement in class that "there is nothing lower on the evolutionary scale than a white male," according to two separate accounts.

Some white students felt that Hill showed the same sort of preference to black students generally, which put black women at the top of Hill's pecking order—in the classroom, anyway. Hill's romantic interests, as near as I can tell, have always been white men: the possible affair with Brudney; an affair with a young student in Oklahoma; and an affair with a University of Oklahoma faculty member, who later dropped Hill for one of his students.

Hill's obsessive, even perverse, desire for male attention is another sign that she may have been suffering from some kind of love-hate complex. "She always bragged that all the men in the office were coming on to her," said one former EEOC co-worker of Hill's. While he made for an obnoxious witness on national television, John Doggett, who told how Hill had approached him at a party in 1983 and, apropos of nothing, told him that he shouldn't lead women on and then let them down, is not the only one to have received unwelcome and inexplicable sexually suggestive comments from Hill.

I've been told of several other Doggett-like scenarios. Once, at the EEOC, Hill ran into a male colleague on a plaza at lunchtime near the office. According to the man, who did not know Hill well, she said, "You know, everybody knows we're sleeping together." At Oral Roberts University, a former student of Hill's said that he was approached by Hill while checking his telephone messages on a bulletin board near her office. "I know your favorite flavor is chocolate," Hill told him. Another former student, who contacted the Senate Judiciary Committee with his information but refused to come forward for fear of damaging his career in law and politics, said that Hill had mentioned "Long Dong Silver" to him in a social conversation in 1984.

But the most bizarre incident is alleged to have happened in the school year 1983-84 at Oral Roberts, according to a sworn affidavit, dated October 13, 1991, and filed with the Senate Judiciary Committee, in which Lawrence Shiles, now a lawyer in Tulsa, recounted the following:

> Shortly after the class had begun, Professor Hill gave us a written assignment which I completed and duly turned in. When this assignment was passed out to the class after having been marked by [the] professor, sitting next to me were fellow students Jeffrey Londoff and Mark Stewart. Upon opening the assignments and reviewing our grades and comments made by Anita Hill, I found ten to twelve short black pubic hairs in the pages of my assignment. I glanced over at Jeff Londoff's assignment and saw similar pubic hairs in his work. At that time I made the statement to Londoff that either she had a low opinion of our work or she had graded our assignment in the bathroom. Mark Stewart overheard the conversation and said that he had similar pubic hairs in his assignment also. This became the standing joke among many students for the remainder of the year in her classes.

Other students in that class confirmed the story. Londoff says he couldn't be certain that the hairs were pubic, but he said he thought it was unlikely that they could have come from Hill's head, since they were short, coarse, and curly, and Hill had had the hair on her head straightened. Another student who saw the hair, but did not want to be identified, said of its origins: "You just know it when you see it."

So Hill may be a bit nutty, and a bit slutty, but is she an outright liar? Consider this: In late September, in the parking lot of Baptist Hospital in Oklahoma City, a woman was returning to her car when she saw another car back into it with a good deal of force. The woman ran over to her car to talk to the person who hit it. But the other car sped off. The woman jumped into her car and followed the other car, copying down the tag number. Through contacts at the Department of Motor Vehicles, she found the name of the owner of the car that hit hers: Anita Hill. That evening, the woman called Hill and confronted her. And Hill's immediate response was: "It's your word against mine." End of discussion.

Hill's precise reason for coming forward to jettison the Thomas nomination will probably never be known, not least because she probably never had one. But based on what we know of her attitude toward Thomas, her uneven temperament, her underwhelming intellect, her political and sexual prejudices, her weird relations with men, her history of frivolously charging sexual harassment, and finally her petty dishonesty, it is at least easier to imagine how and why Hill could have allowed herself, almost accidentally, to become the secret weapon in the war on Clarence Thomas.

It has been well established that Hill wanted the war waged behind the scenes. Under questioning from Senator Specter, Hill at first denied, but then admitted, that in her discussions with Senate staff, she was told that her confidential statement would be shown to the nominee and

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might cause him to withdraw. If the staffers believed this, it would follow that they made the decision to leak the charge after it failed to cause Thomas to withdraw, and then failed to affect the vote in the Judiciary Committee.

But consider the stronger possibility that the staffers never believed what they told Hill about maintaining confidentiality. They knew the story had been circulating for weeks without making it into the press. But once they had something in writing, they could make sure it got out. In an October 7 speech on the Senate floor, GOP Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah described the process: "I am concerned because I have seen some of the staff operate. Once witnesses make a statement or are pushed into making certain statements . . . then that person is stuck with the statements."

Some of the members of the Judiciary Committee were probably in on the plan as well. Although the feminist line held that the fourteen white men on the committee simply didn't take Hill's charges seriously, it is not plausible that dyed-in-the-wool Thomas opponents like Metzenbaum or Simon would have known about such an allegation and allowed it to die on the vine.

The problem was not that the allegation was judged unserious, but that, as Senator Kennedy explained on October 8: "When the unanimous consent agreement [on when to vote on the Thomas nomination] was reached, many of us were under the impression, correct or incorrect, that Professor Hill wished her name and her allegation to be kept confidential." (Metzenbaum was far less sheepish than Kennedy in leading the charge for Hill, though his staff worried that he, too, had a credibility gap on women's issues. The very married Metzenbaum is frequently seen in Georgetown on Friday nights, cavorting at two favored restaurants, Jaimalito's and Filomena, with a female Brazilian companion in tow.) If the committee had taken up the Hill allegations before its vote, it would have done so in confidence—in accord with Hill's wishes—and no doubt produced a stalemate. In other words, for maximum effect, Senate procedures would have to be violated, and Hill would have to be outed.

Metzenbaum was far less sheepish than Kennedy in leading the charge for Hill, though his staff worried that he, too, had a credibility gap on women's issues.

This explains why there was so much talk—by Metzenbaum, Simon, Michelman, Neas, et al.—following the committee vote on September 27 that the Senate "needed more time" before voting on the nominee. Why? The Senate had concluded its fifth investigation of Thomas in a decade, and the opponents had spent three months in the trenches without wounding the nominee even slightly. The momentum was more strongly in Thomas's favor with each passing day. But still, "we need more time, we need more time."

During the week of September 30, with the Senate due to recess on Friday, the anti-Thomas forces objected to a vote that week. "Every effort was made to invoke the rules and to delay the matter and to try to get it past last Friday, because I guess they presumed that there would be an interim 10-day recess and there would be a full two weeks where Judge Thomas could be smeared while all of us were out of town," Senator Hatch recalled on the Senate floor on October 7. Sen. Bob Dole of Kansas added: "And I know what some on the other side said, oh, they would like to have another weekend. I have been around here a while. I knew last weekend when we did not vote on Friday what was going to happen on Saturday and Sunday, and it did. There is always somebody out there willing to collaborate and to print classified, or to go on the radio with classified information, and they did."

Sen. Alan Simpson of Wyoming was even more to the point:

> The fact is that the FBI report on the matter was submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee and the ranking member and the chairman and various members before the vote. That is a fact. No one chose to delay it in any way, to create a stumbling block or an obstacle with it, except—except—I carefully recall the negotiations last week for the unanimous consent agreement, and it was said that we would start on that Thursday morning, and that we thought we could finish by Friday evening, even if we went late, to which there was objection, unnamed, oddly enough, just to fit the scenario of the Saturday slap and the Sunday slap and the Monday slap. So that when we get to 6 o'clock tomorrow night, it will be full feeding frenzy.

It got so crazy that by Friday, October 4, one reporter was standing on a street corner outside the EEOC building in downtown Washington offering employees $100 bribes to smuggle the agency telephone directory out of the building. He had to be removed by police. Also that week, a woman who had left the EEOC under a cloud during Thomas's tenure was approached by a producer for a popular evening network news show desperate for on-camera interviews with women who had worked for Thomas. The producer faxed to the office of the woman, who is now a public official, a letter threatening to expose her if she failed to respond.

What triggered all of this, of course, was the now-infamous leak, about which we know this much: According to Senate staff, the three least scrupulous staffers dealing with the nomination were Brudney, Seidman, and John Trasvina, an aide to Sen. Paul Simon on his Judiciary subcommittee. All three are seasoned Washington players. And any savvy Senate staffer knows that the way to leak a confidential document like an FBI report is to use a private citizen (or, in the case of an intelligence leak, a staffer without a security clearance) as a cut-out. The sensitive material is either left out in the open, where it can be read by the cut-out, or it is discussed by two staffers while the cut-out happens to overhear them. The cut-out then

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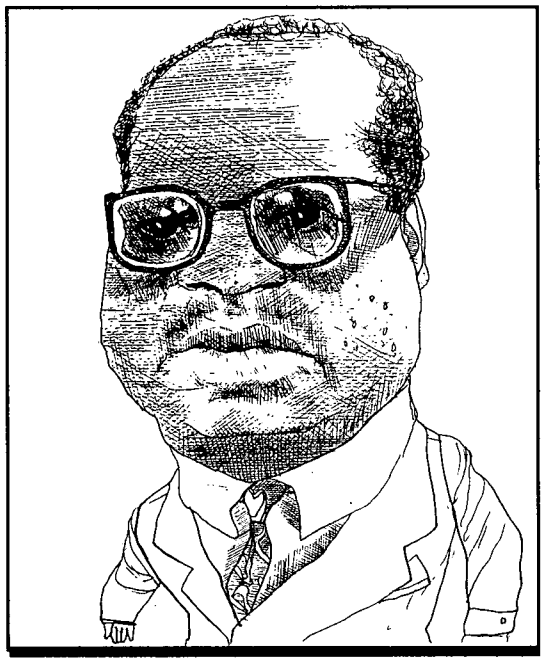
leaks the material, and the staffers can technically deny that they "leaked" it.

I've come across several plausible cut-outs for the FBI report leak. One of them is Sen. Paul Simon's wife, Jeanne, who undoubtedly heard about the FBI report from her husband, and who was so interested in the Thomas hearings that she attended many of the sessions, sitting in the audience with feminist activists.

Another is Roy Meyers, a former press secretary to Metzenbaum who now works as a lobbyist with Cassidy & Associates in Washington. Meyer is still close to Metzenbaum and Brudney and is a frequent visitor to Metzenbaum's offices. More tellingly, he is the only person who has been described to me as close to both Totenberg and Phelps. Totenberg would have been an obvious choice to receive the scoop, but Phelps, working for a second-tier newspaper, would have to have been on excellent terms with the leaker. (Meyers called the speculation "ludicrous.")

Since the unsworn Hill statement had about as much legal standing as a piece of constituent mail, there was less danger in leaking actual copies of it. It appears as though Hill was given some advice, presumably through Hoerchner, that unbeknownst to Hill would ensure her statement's wide circulation. The Biden report describes a September 25 call to committee staff:

> For the first time, she then states that she wanted the statement "distributed" to committee members. Committee staff explained that while the information would be brought to the attention of committee members, staff could not guarantee how that information would be disseminated—whether her statement would be "distributed" or communicated by oral briefing. Once again, however, committee staff assured Professor Hill that her concerns would be shared with committee members. She concluded her conversation by stating that she wanted her statement "distributed" and that she would "take on faith that [staff] will do everything [it] can to abide by [her] wishes." Every Democratic member of the committee was orally briefed, had access to the FBI report, and had a copy of Professor Hill's statement prior to the committee vote.



NPR's Nina Totenberg also clearly had a copy; in the *Vanity Fair* article, her NPR producer said she had it five days before the story broke. Phelps in *Newsday* referred only to the FBI report. But significantly, neither Totenberg nor Phelps appear to have had the actual FBI document and neither was able to quote directly from it; either they were briefed on it, or they hid the fact that they had it. Phelps refers in his story to "the source who had access to the FBI documents," and Totenberg says the source had "seen the FBI report."

That is about all that can be said at this point. The matter may or may not ultimately be settled by the special Senate counsel investigating the leak (he has subpoena power; I don't). We do, however, have a rough approximation of what came after the leak, from Simpson, who said in his October 8 floor speech:

> [It] was a very curious type of inducement by one of the media: "We have your statement"—"affidavit," they called it—"and there is a lot of rumor going around the city, and I think you better come forth, and if you do not, it is going to be very hard on you, it is going to be very difficult, it will be uncomfortable for you." That is what Ms. Hill was told, as the persons with the information leaked in their hands said, "Maybe you will want to say something and follow it up, because if you do not have anything to say, we are going to come out with it anyway . . ."

Sounds an awful lot like the James Brudney method.

Once the reluctant Hill was outed, she seems to have shifted course once again, playing her role to the hilt and willing to lie under oath, which suggests an additional motivation. Previously, Hill had been a disgruntled former Thomas employee, uncomfortable with some of Thomas's political views, who allowed herself to be pressured into doing him in behind closed doors by divulging that he had discussed pornographic movies with her.

Now, however, she would become, in the words of Susan Hoerchner, "the Rosa Parks of sexual harassment," with all the lavish attention (awards from the ACLU and *Glamour* magazine), and even career advancement (lecture fees, book advances), that that appellation has already brought and will continue to bring. Hoerchner, for her part, recently told the *Long Beach Press-Telegram* of her own newfound fame: "People recognize me and come up to me and say very nice things, and they pick up the tab in restaurants."

This change seems to account for the rather dramatic additions to Hill's account—from dirty talk to outright harassment—that can be found by comparing her original statement to the committee with what she told the FBI. For example, Hill's statement said that Thomas told her if she ever talked about what happened between them, it would ruin his career. But she told the FBI that Thomas had said he would ruin *her* career. Hill's handlers and advisers appear to have been trying to construct a case for so-called "hostile environment" sexual harassment. Hill apparently had a group

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of feminist advisers in Norman, including O.U. faculty members and local attorneys. In a conversation with a Senate staffer, Tulsa attorney Mary Constance Matthies said that she had been told in early October by Catherine Beaugardt, a Norman attorney and a member of a local feminist group, that she was helping prepare Hill for possible closed-session Senate testimony by holding mock hearings, according to the staffer. (Matthies refused to comment on the matter).

Hill's week in Washington no doubt swelled her head further. A public relations agency and a battery of high-powered lawyers went to work on her behalf, including Charles Ogletree of Harvard University; Warner Gardner of Shea, Gardner; Don Green, Robert Skitol, and Coleman Bird from Pepper, Hamilton, and Sheets; Charles Ruff of Covington and Burling; and, according to a Pepper, Hamilton attorney who read the visitors' log book at the firm, Lloyd Cutler, Jimmy Carter's White House counsel. (Cutler did not return calls seeking confirmation.) After two days of prep work at Pepper, Hamilton, Hill went on national television with her newly embellished story.

The additions in her testimony did not sit well with the FBI agents who had interviewed Hill. In his statement to the Judiciary Committee following Hill's testimony, special agent John Luton said:

> Professor Hill stated that she was advised by the interviewing Agent that she did not have to answer questions if they were too embarrassing, as she would possibly be re-interviewed by FBI Agents at a later date. In fact, she was told by Special Agent Luton to provide the specifics of all incidents. She was also told that it might be necessary to re-interview her at a later time regarding this matter, but that occurred at the end of the interview. . . . Professor Hill in her testimony identified a number of specific incidents in which Judge Clarence Thomas made embarrassing comments to her about sexual activities. Among these was the reference to a pornographic movie in which an individual by the name of Long Dong Silver played a role. She cited an instance in which she was in his office and he referred to a coke can and made the statement, "Who left their pubic hair on my coke?" or words to that effect. During the interview on September 23, 1991, Professor Hill did not mention any of the above incidents.

The rest, as they say, is herstory. In the end, all that fancy advice counted for little. Hill's own attorneys apparently realized that she had given an unconvincing performance, because they decided not to call her back to rebut Thomas, something any good trial lawyer would have done. Then, they moved with alacrity to cancel the second pro-Hill panel on Sunday because of the severe credibility problems of her witnesses.

Even senators who had opposed Thomas before Hill emerged, and would vote against him October 15, came away from the hearings with the same gut instinct as the American public. In the wee hours of Monday morning, when it was all over, Joe Biden stopped two of Thomas's witnesses in the hallway outside the hearing room. Biden told the women: "I believe him, not her." ❒

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Jonas Bernstein

Georgia's Political Theater

An autocratic ex-dissident, a professor with a prison record, and a charismatic hit man battle it out in Stalin's native land.

Zviad Gamsakhurdia

Politics in post-Soviet Georgia is a contact sport, more often than not marked by an exchange of mortar fire in the fourth quarter. The center of Tbilisi, the Georgian capital, lies in ruins following a two-week shootout between gunmen loyal to Zviad Gamsakhurdia, the popularly elected autocrat, and his opponents. The contest has gone into overtime: Zviady, as his supporters like to call him (it means "proud, overbearing, arrogant"), has returned to Georgia following a brief exile in neighboring Armenia. From his new base in Mingrelia, the western region that is the home of his ancestors, Gamsakhurdia is vowing to usurp the usurpers, and gathering armed supporters for a march on the capital. Meanwhile, the new rulers, who insist their insurrection was a popular one, have demonstrated their commitment to democracy by gunning down unarmed demonstrators.

It is perhaps not surprising that the art of compromise has not found fertile ground in a nation where a simple greeting—*gamer jova*—literally means "I wish you victory." Today, Georgian politics is dominated by gangster intellectuals—theater critics with guns.

On the face of it, it is hard to understand why a philologist and former dissident, who was once nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize by the U.S. Congress, would end up with the reputation of a Nicolae Ceausescu. In 1974, Gamsakhurdia helped start up Georgia's first human rights monitoring group—dubbed the Initiative Group, after the Moscow organization of the same name—along with music scholar Merab Kostava and Valentina Paylodze, the choirmaster in Tbilisi's main Georgian Orthodox church. The Initiative Group wrote about the plight of the Meskhetians, a southern Georgian ethnic group that had converted to Islam under Turkish rule and was deported to Central Asia and elsewhere by Stalin in 1944. Through samizdat, the group protested state interference in church affairs, as well as the Soviet army's use of the site of an old monastery for artillery practice. For exposing corruption among the Orthodox hierarchy and the republic's officialdom, Paylodze was arrested for "anti-Soviet slander" and sentenced to one-and-a-half years in a labor camp.

"I received information from Gamsakhurdia on several occasions," recalls dissident historian Ludmilla Alexeyeva, who at that time worked for Moscow's samizdat *Chronicle of Current Events*. One of his contributions detailed the use of torture on people arrested for "economic crimes." The information was so horrific that Alexeyeva and other human rights activists did not believe it and did not use it. A year later Gamsakhurdia's allegations were substantiated when police officials in Georgia went on trial for such abuses. In January 1977, Gamsakhurdia and Merab Kostava helped

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form the Georgian Helsinki Watch Group, once again following the lead of the Moscow dissidents like Yuri Orlov, Andrei Amalrik, and Andrei Sakharov.

Yet Gamsakhurdia left no one with the impression that he was the next Sakharov. "He was sort of burning with strange passions," says one Westerner who knew him in the 1970s. Speaking of those passions, Alexeyeva says: "He wasn't a human rights activist—he was a nationalist from the beginning." He was clearly not a pacifist. In 1976, there were three bombings in Georgia, one of them near Tbilisi's Government Hall. While no one implicates Gamsakhurdia, Alexeyeva recalls that he welcomed the attacks. "Fortunately there were no victims, but there were several explosions, and he was very impressed—he liked it. It was later discovered that the bombings had been done by a single person, not an organization. The man was arrested, and Gamsakhurdia defended him, calling him a Georgian hero." Gamsakhurdia even approached a Western government about financing and arms. The request was denied.

Alexeyeva believes that Gamsakhurdia felt protected from persecution by his father's reputation. Following a prison term in the Solovki Islands—Lenin's Gulag—during the 1920s, Konstantin Gamsakhurdia, Georgia's greatest twentieth-century novelist, was rehabilitated. It was Gamsakhurdia Sr.'s intercession with the authorities that got his son off the hook in 1956, when Zviad, age 17, was arrested for nationalist agitation during Georgian student protests against Khrushchev's de-Stalinization. (Gamsakhurdia said last year that the protests arose "out of a sense of national pride," not support for Stalinism.)

"Zviad Gamsakhurdia is destined to lead Georgia along the path to true freedom. I think the hand of Providence can be seen in this. He is called to it by his origins, his genes, his career, his entire life."

"He and half a dozen other lads founded what was for all intents a secret political society calling for Georgia to secede from the Soviet Union and become a free country," says Elizabeth Fuller, an analyst with Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. "They printed leaflets, and inevitably they were all rounded up by the KGB. Zviad's father at that time told Khrushchev that if they received a severe jail sentence or were sentenced to death, then he, Konstantin, would commit suicide. Khrushchev backed off and they got a jail sentence of only a few months." In Gamsakhurdia's version, as told to *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last year, he and his comrades were saved by "the efforts of Georgian writers and scholars"—no mention of his dad.

In April 1977, however, real trouble found Gamsakhurdia, when he and Merab Kostava were arrested for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda." The two finally went on trial in May 1978, the same week that Yuri Orlov, founder of the Moscow Helsinki chapter, was tried and sentenced to seven years in a labor camp. Gamsakhurdia and Kostava were found guilty and given three years' hard labor. The day of his conviction, Gamsakhurdia appeared on Soviet television and said he was guilty of "slanderous inventions" against the state, adding: "My activity in disseminating anti-Soviet literature did great harm to our country." He also fingered Igor Belousovich of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, Al Friendly of *Newsweek*, and David K. Shipler of the *Washington Post*, saying they had provided him with anti-Soviet literature.

Following the broadcast, Sakharov was tactfully critical: "I feel great disappointment. It is a heavy thing to see a man broken. It is hard for us to imagine the pressure and the isolation he faced, but the amazing thing is that people do stand up to such pressure. People like Orlov, Kostava. . . . That Gamsakhurdia did not is his misfortune, his tragedy, his guilt."

The broadcast had all the earmarks of a KGB editing job; Gamsakhurdia's friends and relatives expressed doubts that the confession was voluntary, and were quoted to that effect by the *New York Times* and *Baltimore Sun*. But when Soviet television then brought correspondents Craig Whitney and Harold Piper for slander before the Moscow City Court in July 1978, Gamsakhurdia, appearing as a prosecution witness, said his confession had been voluntary. (The two journalists were found guilty and fined; they refused to issue a retraction.)

"What Gamsakhurdia has since said, and what his wife told me when I spoke to her three years ago," says Elizabeth Fuller, "is that Gamsakhurdia and Kostava had decided, before they were ever arrested, that one of them would repent and get the shortest possible sentence, so that that one would go back to Georgia and be the nucleus, the focus, of Georgian dissent." In any event, things worked out rather well for Gamsakhurdia: he was released a year later, while Kostava remained in prison until May 1987.

Gamsakhurdia's reputation suffered as a result. But by the mid-1980s, the leaders of the Georgian national movement decided to put aside personal and ideological differences and accept Zviad back into the fold. In April 1989, he helped organize the huge pro-independence rally that was brutally crushed by the Red Army. Nationalist sentiment was galvanized, and Gamsakhurdia's Helsinki group, renamed the Helsinki Union, was able to forge alliances and outmaneuver other pro-independence groups like the National Democratic Front and the National Independence party. (In a tactical blunder, these groups chose not to run candidates in the 1990 elections to the Supreme Soviet, arguing that it was an illegitimate body imposed by Moscow.) Gamsakhurdia's populism went down well with the masses, particularly in the countryside. As a result, his "Round Table"

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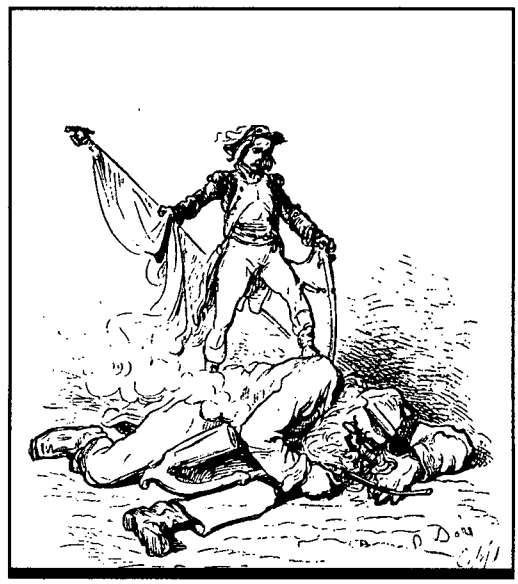
coalition gained control of the parliament. Last May, he won the presidency with 87 percent of the vote.

As Georgia's leader, Gamsakhurdia soon began to display the Larouche-like paranoia for which he has become famous. He denounced his political opponents as "hooligans" and "degenerate representatives of the intelligentsia" (not entirely false), as "agents of the Kremlin," "agents of the center," as pawns of Communists, neo-Nazis, and—his favorite—Eduard Shevardnadze. (Gamsakhurdia's hatred of the former Soviet foreign minister is perhaps understandable, given the torture Georgian political prisoners suffered while Shevardnadze was Georgia's interior minister; as the saying goes, even paranoids have enemies.)

A cult of personality, weirdly reminiscent of the one that surrounded another Georgian-born leader, soon emerged. "He came upon the world with the mark of brilliance," wrote Gamsakhurdia's culture minister in a pro-government newspaper last June. "He was no ordinary man. Zviad Gamsakhurdia is destined to lead Georgia along the path to true freedom. I think the hand of Providence can be seen in this. He is called to it by his origins, his genes, his career, his entire life." A group of fanatical female supporters known as the "tent ladies" camped outside the parliament building in Tbilisi, regularly haranguing and even attacking opposition legislators. The women—also referred to as the "Black Pantyhose," a mocking reference to the feared Soviet "Black Beret" militia—were reportedly organized by Manana Archvadze, Gamsakhurdia's wife. Some observers paint Archvadze as the real hard-liner—a Caucasian blend of Elena Ceausescu and Eva Peron—who counseled her husband to show the opposition no mercy.



If so, the advice worked. Opponents were systematically harassed—and some jailed, including Georgi Chanturia, head of the National Democratic party, and Dzhaba Ioseliani, chief of the Mkhedrioni ("Horsemen"), a paramilitary group that was originally allied with Gamsakhurdia's Round Table. Yet to some degree the crackdown had more bark than bite: as the confrontation escalated last summer, most opposition newspapers remained open, and government opponents virtually took over Rustaveli Avenue, Tbilisi's main drag. They denounced Gamsakhurdia as "Ceausescu" and "Saddam Hussein," and even suggested that he fly to Cuba and join Fidel.

Last fall, the confrontation became more violent. On September 2, Gamsakhurdia's militia shot at a crowd of unarmed protesters. Like the Soviet authorities after the massacre in Vilnius a year ago, the president claimed the demonstrators fired first. Initially, Gamsakhurdia's response to mounting criticism from abroad was to cry "conspiracy," and to insist that Georgia is a model democracy. In December, however, he let the cat out of the bag, declaring that "in Georgia there is no room for opposition, so let [the opposition] get out and join those on whose payroll it is." Several days later, he stripped a group of opposition parliamentary deputies of its powers.

Gamsakhurdia's autocratic tendencies were in evidence well before he was elected Georgia's president. Under his leadership, the Helsinki Union, his erstwhile human rights group, mutated into a Georgian chauvinist organization. In the summer of 1989, following pogroms against Meskhetians in Uzbekistan, Georgia's Communist government indicated it would be willing to allow the Muslim minority to return home. Gamsakhurdia, whose group had taken up the Meskhetians' plight back in 1976, helped organize protest demonstrations around the theme of "Georgia for Georgians!" The Helsinki Union issued a document stating that the Meskhetians should be allowed to return to Georgia only if they dropped their Turkish names for Georgian ones and converted to Christianity.

In November 1989, the inhabitants of South Ossetia, an autonomous region inside Georgia, demanded reunification with their Persian Muslim brethren across the border in North Ossetia, part of the Russian republic. A caravan of thousands of Georgians, reportedly led by Gamsakhurdia, descended on Tskhinvali, the South Ossetian capital. Ossetian leaders claim that the Georgians committed atrocities in the ensuing violence. In late 1989, the Georgian government abolished South Ossetia's autonomous status and imposed a blockade. Violence between Ossetians and Georgians left 250 dead last year, and well over 50,000 South Ossetians have fled into North Ossetia.

It must be said that most Georgians, Gamsakhurdia supporters and opponents alike, feel that South Ossetia was unfairly carved out of Georgia by the Bolsheviks in 1921, the year Georgia's short-lived independence was crushed. The South Ossetian Popular Front, which includes paramilitary formations, maintained close links with Soviet hard-liners like Col. Victor Alksnis, at least prior to the failed August 19 coup. Early last year, one of the leaders of Pamyat, the ultra-nationalist and anti-Semitic Russian group, showed up in Tskhinvali to declare his support for the Ossetians. There is also little doubt that prior to the coup the KGB was busy trying to foment ethnic turmoil in Georgia.

Nonetheless, a significant portion of the blame for the bad blood between Georgia and its minorities can be traced to Gamsakhurdia's views on ethnicity. His 1990 book, *The Spiritual Mission of Georgia*, a compilation of

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lectures and essays, puts forth the theory that the Georgians are descended from a "proto-Iberian" people driven out of Europe, Asia Minor, and India by the spiritually and culturally inferior Indo-Europeans. These proto-Iberians, who settled in the Caucasus and the Pyrenees, were "Jupiter's race," "the Japhetic race"—i.e., the original white race.

The volume includes an exegesis of *Praise and Glorification of the Georgian Language*, a work ascribed to Ioane-Zosime, a tenth-century Georgian monk. Gamsakhurdia writes:

> Ioane-Zosime explained explicitly . . . that the Georgian nation and its language, adorned and blessed in the name of the Lord, is a Lazarus among the nations and languages, four days (i.e., 4,000 years) dead, humbled and rejected, which must bear an unprecedented testimony to Christ, will rise in the future, regain its universal position as mankind's spiritual teacher, and at the Second Coming of Christ will become exposer of sinful humanity.

These theories have guided at least part of his politics. Gamsakhurdia has stated that the Ossetians have no right to autonomy in Georgia because they are "newcomers from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries." In June 1990 he called mixed marriages "fatal to the Georgian family and the Georgian language," and suggested that they would be banned in an independent Georgia. On the other hand, his criticisms of the Abkhazians, a Muslim ethnic group that has also been calling for secession (there were bloody clashes with Georgians in 1989), have been made more in sorrow than in anger. "Their origin is indeed Ibero-Caucasian," he states in *The Spiritual Mission of Georgia*, "and had they knowledge of their descent they might never have started such conflicts with their kindred nation."

Today, Georgian politics is dominated by gangster intellectuals—theater critics with guns.

Gamsakhurdia is not the only Georgian politician given to strong-armed tactics and wacky ideas. The new regime is certainly not dominated by civil libertarians. While provisional prime minister Tengiz Sigua, who resigned as Gamsakhurdia's prime minister last August, is by all accounts a reasonable—if undistinguished—pol, the real power is in the hands of a military council led by a real pair of deuces: the aforementioned Dzhaba Ioseliani, a Bashir Gemayel wannabe who heads the Mkhedrioni paramilitary group; and Tengiz Kitovani, chief of the Georgian national guard, who broke with Gamsakhurdia last August. In January, the two were trying to win legitimacy in Georgia and support in the West by promising to cede power to a civilian government "in about a month." Both denied having any long-term political ambitions.

Ioseliani, 65, a doctor of philology known in Georgia as a playwright and theater critic, has a résumé similar to Gamsakhurdia's. Yet his first job, apparently, was as a criminal. In his early twenties, Ioseliani committed several armed robberies, during one of which he reportedly tore the earrings off a woman's ears; her husband died of either suffocation or a heart attack after being gagged. Ioseliani and his droogs were later busted for bank robbery, and he served fifteen years in prison.

An admirer of Francisco Franco, Ioseliani formed the Mkhedrioni in 1989. In various interviews, he described the group as a "peace corps" established to "work for political and national accord for progressive reforms in Georgia and to avert ethnic conflicts," to help out in natural disasters or, if necessary, "to defend Georgia from anarchy and defend our borders." (He even offered a unit of Mkhedrioni to the Allied forces during Operation Desert Storm.)

Yet some Georgians charge that this group of young Christian warriors (it numbers from 1,000 to 5,000, depending on the estimate) have behaved more like a Lebanese militia than a civic group. "They would just steal cars they liked, and it was declared that it was a requisition in the name of national defense," says an émigré who maintains contacts with both sides of the conflict. "It was complete lawlessness. They literally taxed people in the rural areas—a certain amount of meat, a certain amount of grain—in the name of supplying 'the guardians of Georgian borders' with food. People just dreaded their appearance." In an interview with the Moscow weekly *Megapolis-Express*, Ioseliani admitted only that his men "expropriate ill-gotten money from underground millionaires" to buy weapons. Since Gamsakhurdia's flight from the besieged parliament building on January 6, Ioseliani's men have been on Tbilisi's streets, enforcing the Military Council's state of emergency. They are blamed for shooting into crowds during two pro-Gamsakhurdia rallies in January. Five people were killed.

Then there is Tengiz Kitovani, Gamsakhurdia's former national guard chief. Stories circulating around Georgia suggest that he also has a corpse or two in his past. According to one account, while ferrying his brother—who was on the run after murdering someone—into hiding, Kitovani drove his car over several people leaving a wedding. A second version involves a vendetta: after a friend of his was murdered, Kitovani ran over the killer—back and forth, to make sure the job was thorough.

Indeed, there is a lack of quality leadership in the former Soviet republic. This should not be seen as a reflection on Georgians as a whole: their hospitality is renowned, and among them are many savvy businessmen and impressive intellectuals and artists. The tragedy of Georgia, the land that produced J. V. Dzhugashvili, is perhaps best summed up by an émigré: "In Georgia, good people don't go into politics." ❐

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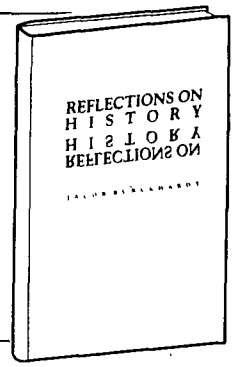
REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY

By Jacob Burckhardt
Introduction by Gottfried Dietze



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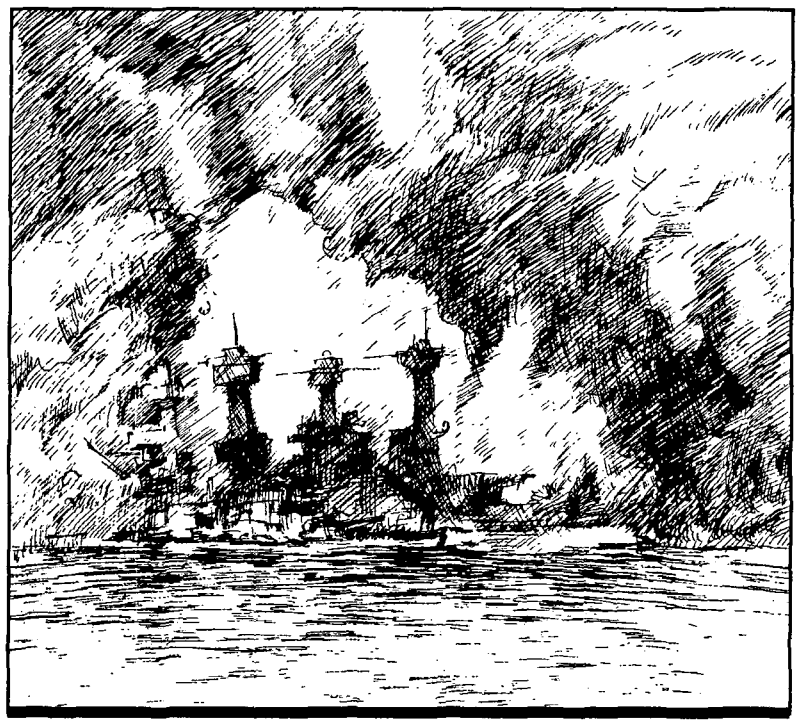
Thomas Mallon

The Golden Pearl

Infamy commemorated.



Honolulu

At 7:06 a.m. local time on December 7, 1941, the Opana mobile radar station on Oahu picked up an enormous blip. The activity was duly reported, but higher-ups told the radarmen not to worry: it could only be the big squadron of B-17s due in from California to reinforce the base. Forty-nine minutes later the first wave of Japanese Zeroes began destroying the Pacific fleet. The B-17s, arriving later, would land amidst American antiaircraft fire.

Fifty years later to the week, the skies over Oahu are once more crowded with aircraft flying west. Plane after plane carrying members of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association is landing in Honolulu for the attack's golden anniversary, the red tailmarkings signifying not the Japanese air force but TWA. On Wednesday, December 4, all 433 passenger seats on Flight 1 from St. Louis are filled, and a traveler can look forward over dozens of septuagenarian heads—gray or bald, and capped with PHSA headgear—sticking above the seatbacks.

The pilot announces that the plane today weighed 734,000 pounds at takeoff, but now, descending toward Honolulu, is hundreds of thousands less, having burned off the fuel required to carry it here. The statistics, like the instructional safety film that preceded them hours ago, carry the mind to the focal point of this anniversary, the sunken USS *Arizona*, which, at the bottom of the harbor, beneath its memorial, still holds what remains of three times as many men as are on this crowded plane, and which every day, even now, continues to leak two or three of the million gallons of fuel that were pumped into her shortly before the attack.

"Survivor" is a term embraced today by Americans claiming triumph over a host of humiliations ranging from incest to smoke in the workplace. But the eager self-love with which the word is spoken into talk-show microphones cannot entirely dilute the word's power, and during early December, as it appeared stenciled and stitched on hundreds of aging chests and heads, the term surely still had meaning. Separated from death by just yards and seconds and fate, these men could scarcely think of themselves as anything else. One theme of discussion at the commemorations would be whether, fifty years later, the war was truly over. The President would say yes, but individual psychologies keep their own timetables. Some of those arriving on Flight 1 might beg to differ, like the oil drops still rising from the *Arizona*, and the Allied bomb, buried near Leibnitz, Germany, which on the evening of Wednesday, December 4, according to Friday's *Honolulu Advertiser*, suddenly exploded, injuring two people and leaving a twenty-foot-deep crater.

There was a danger that December 7, 1991 would be remembered for overkill of a different sort from that unleashed in 1941: the Pacific Command issued more press credentials to journalists covering the Pearl Harbor anniversary than were given out during the Gulf War. Even so, on Thursday morning, December 5, by which time the commemorations were underway, there were hundreds

Thomas Mallon's most recent book is the novel Aurora 7 *(Ticknor & Fields).*

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of sailors doing the same things sailors were getting ready to do on that long-ago morning when no one was paying any special attention to safety. Nowadays a lot of Navy men can be seen jogging around the base, making one realize that if an aerial attack were to happen in 1991, many would be strafed to death in their Nikes instead of killed below deck while sleeping off Saturday night. Above present-day Pearl Harbor one does see occasional dark clouds being pushed so fast by the trade winds that they might be mistaken for smoke, but the only things that drop from the skies are rainbows—great, thick, durable ones that follow sunshowers.

At 10:00 this morning, outside the *Arizona* Memorial Visitor Center, the 111th Army Band is playing at a ceremony that includes the laying of wreaths against masts symbolizing the nine state-named battleships damaged or sunk in the attack. Some junketing governors are here to see the flowers placed by a survivor from each of the ships. Taps are sounded, followed by a rendition of "God Bless America" as one has never heard it—slowly, mournfully and *a cappella*. It's one of several astute theatrical calculations that will be made this week, displays whose effectiveness is guaranteed by the emotions lying just below the skin of those who have come back. In this case immediate relief comes when the song is sung a second time, to quick, peppy, musical accompaniment, by a children's choir.

One theme of discussion at the commemorations would be whether, fifty years later, the war was truly over. The President would say yes, but individual psychologies keep their own timetables.

The simple monument to the sunken USS *Utah*, which lies off the far side of Ford Island, is sometimes called the Forgotten Memorial. There are no tourist shuttles to it, as there are to the *Arizona*; visitors have to ride the regular naval ferry out to Ford and then cross the island to the site of the wreck. Ford was decommissioned as a naval air station in the spring of 1962, just weeks before the dedication of the *Arizona* memorial. The jet age had rendered its short runways obsolete, and now only small private planes practice touch-and-go landings there. On the side of the island closest to what was once Battleship Row is a mix of older buildings (including a dispensary to which the wounded were dragged all day on December 7, 1941) and new construction. But further inland, on the short trip to the northwest side, one feels that the island hasn't changed at all in the last fifty years. Its small frame houses look much as they would have then. According to author Thurston Clarke, on the afternoon of December 7, 1941, "Two hundred *Arizona* dead were lined up on the lawns of officers' bungalows. Their blood soaked the ground and blackened the grass. Survivors gathered dismembered arms and legs from roofs and trees."[1] On this Thursday afternoon fifty years later, when a small ceremony is planned at the *Utah* memorial, the only unusual item on one of the bungalows' lawns is a sign proclaiming it "Ford Island Yard of the Month."

The *Utah* was one of the first ships hit. She took two torpedoes to starboard and fell over on port, sinking after only eleven minutes. Fifty-five of her men went down with her. Her death, if untimely, was not the robbery of youth suffered by most of those who died inside her. The *Utah* was an old ship. Her World War I service was well behind her, and she had not had battleship status since 1932. In fact, in the months before the attack, she served as a target ship for American planes that practiced bombing runs by dropping bags of flour onto her timber-covered deck.

Dedicated twenty years ago, the Forgotten Memorial is little more than a plaque, a flagpole, and an L-shaped dock from which to observe the half-submerged hulk. Today the site gleams with a newly tarred walkway and a coat of fresh paint. What's visible of the shipwreck is so badly rusted and rotted that it probably won't last much longer. Some green shoots grow up through it, and the occasional bird lands obliviously on one of its crumbling edges.

The speakers at this afternoon's ceremony sit on the dock, and the honored guests gather under a canopy. The wind whips pleasantly as the short talks get underway, led by a master of ceremonies who is actually Air Force: General Matthews is here because his father served on the *Utah* in the First World War, before moving to his ship's namesake state. Senator Jake Garn, whose own father was a World War I pilot, takes his turn at the lectern to recall his mother crying with fear, when news of Pearl Harbor came, that her husband would be called back into service. The younger Garn, a naval aviator in the 1950s, used to land seaplanes here, and twenty years ago, as mayor of Salt Lake City, he came to the memorial's dedication.

Soon it is the survivors' turn. On December 7, 1941, the PHSA's Utah state chairman was aboard the USS *Medusa*, a repair ship anchored about a mile away from the *Utah*. "What are those army guys doing on a Sunday morning?" he asked himself as the bombs started dropping, a reaction he says was "pretty typical": it could only be some sort of drill, everyone thought. Don Larsen, who *was* on the *Utah*, follows him to the microphone in his *aloha* shirt, looking like any happy, healthy retiree on his Hawaiian vacation; but within moments he is sobbing. "What we had left wasn't worth a dime." General Matthews soothes the rawness by summing things up in military-speak: "What a stressful, difficult, challenging experience was had by all who were present." →

[1] I am indebted to Clarke's book, *Pearl Harbor Ghosts: A Journey to Hawaii Then and Now* (William Morrow, 411 pages, $22), and to Stanley Weintraub's *Long Day's Journey Into War: December 7, 1941* (Truman Talley Books/ Dutton, 706 pages, $26.95), for some of the historical background and detail in this essay.

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When a new flag has been raised over the memorial, I ask Milton Matson, who'd been sitting under the canopy, about his own stressful morning fifty years ago. Looking out through his trifocals, he tells me: "One thing that stands out in my memory is, after the ship started rolling over, I was talking to one of the shipmates there, and he says, 'Well, there's one thing about it. I won't have to wash those damned dishes this morning.'" Matson slid down the side of the ship, holding on to a 10-inch hawser. "I got my butt scratched a little bit with barnacles . . ." Eventually he was transferred to the USS *Detroit*, where he "continued to do [his] twenty." He makes it sound as if that morning at Pearl was just another part of his hitch, but then he acknowledges that this is probably his fifth trip back.

The Navy's tour boat has been especially busy the past few months; they've gotten it out as early as 4:00 in the morning to take groups around the harbor and to the *Arizona* memorial. Some of the participants in the *Utah* ceremonies, including Milton Matson and Don Larsen, who looks exhausted, are on it later in the afternoon. The guide points out sights the men never saw during their service here, such as Aloha Stadium, as well as more eternal features of the Oahu landscape—like the Dole pineapple fields. As on December 7, 1941, there are no aircraft carriers here, and aside from some submarines that make this their port, the harbor is filled mostly with destroyers and frigates. The battleship is a naval anachronism, and the mooring blocks of what was once Battleship Row are like pedestals without statues, bearing only the names of the ships tied to them fifty years ago. The guide also directs attention to the three paths taken by the Japanese bombers, one of which runs right between the upper floors of two postwar skyscrapers.

Approaching the *Utah* from the water, one sees the side of her that wasn't visible during the Ford Island ceremony. That "side" is neither port nor starboard; it is her deck, forever capsized toward the water's surface. From this vantage the sight is more moving than it was from land. One notices the gun turrets sticking uselessly up through the water and the splintered, rotting teak wood on which the sailors walked through each peaceful day. From Ford Island the hulk seems like an accident; from the water it looks like an atrocity. The sight of his old ship brings tired Don Larsen back to life, and he politely corrects a couple of the guide's mistakes.

The *Arizona* memorial is judged by Thurston Clarke, not unfairly, to be lacking in "the necessary morbidity, the power to move even the most ignorant to tears." Anchored on two sides, it nowhere touches the sunken ship over which it floats, and for all its gracefulness is an odd-looking structure, a carved soapcake. A pattern meant to depict the Tree of Life has been cut into it, but the resulting shapes seem, at least from a distance, peculiarly like Japanese ideograms. Alfred Preis, the Austrian refugee who designed it, visited his most famous construction yesterday, recalling that his first proposal—"a sunken sarcophagus" into which viewers would be lowered for a look at the wreck through thick glass—was considered *too* morbid.

None of this can deny the effect that Preis's quiet creation has on many visitors. (This afternoon, before stepping off the tour boat to enter it, one older man takes the trouble to comb his hair.) In the Shrine Room, beneath a tablet bearing the names of all the men still below, are small floral tributes sent from the VFW posts of little towns all across the country. Off the side, small fish swim toward the rusty gun turrets just beneath the water. Aerial photographs of the whole arrangement are eerily spectacular; the white memorial, floating perpendicularly atop the still-visible sunken ship, seems like the armature of a giant crucifix.

On early Thursday evening the memorial's deck is strewn with television cables for live feeds to the mainland, and at 5:30 its circular floor lights come startlingly to life, as if switched by those below. The huge number-3 gun turret breaks through the water, and the tiny oil slick made by each day's escaping fuel is visible. The spectrum of shiny colors it makes under the setting sun is pretty, though nothing to match the actual rainbow that has just dropped over the enormous ship nearby, the USS *Missouri*, which sailed into the harbor this morning, and upon which, forty-five months after the sinking of the *Arizona*, the Japanese empire surrendered to the United States of America.

General Matthews soothes the rawness by summing things up in military-speak: "What a stressful, difficult, challenging experience was had by all who were present."

The corner of Leuwers Street and Kalakaua Boulevard is a good place to watch the PHSA's big parade on Friday morning. Whenever one of the sudden showers falls, you can duck into the McDonald's (offering the McTeri-Burger Deluxe, as in teriyaki), and re-emerge to hear a small cheering section of older women break into one more round of "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor." The heartier men walk behind banners identifying their old ship or their PHSA chapter, and the frailer ones come by on trucks. A contingent of former marines actually marches, in time, looking smart.

During a lull, when some space opens up between units, one woman on the corner moves over to let a girl walking a bicycle cross the street. The girl says, "Excuse me," but she was in a hurry, and the woman, upon noticing her Oriental features, can't stop herself from laughing and saying to the man next to her, "Still pushy." The girl will never know she's been made a surrogate Japanese for one of the many nervous little ethnic jokes the week produces.

The PHSA is taking care to assure its perpetuation,

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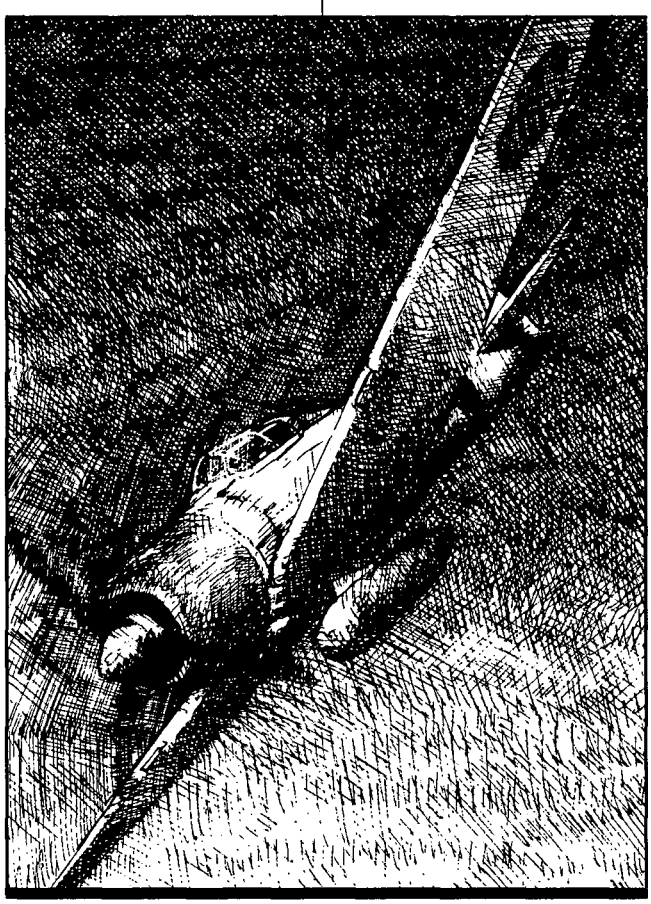
through an offshoot called the SDPHS—the Sons and Daughters of Pearl Harbor Survivors. They, too, are in the parade, in identifying red-and-white attire. There is probably nothing wrong with their history-minded presence—after all, even the DAR (two prissy old gals in a convertible) is here—but one has to wonder if this isn't something other than historical consciousness, if it isn't a peculiar species of co-dependency. In 1990s America, if you haven't yourself survived something, it's de rigueur to be related to somebody who has.

One offshoot of the desire to keep the memory of Pearl Harbor ever fresh is the continuing historical attention, principally from amateurs, to the question: Did FDR know? That is, did he allow the catastrophe to take place because he saw it as the certain way to get America into the war? The askers of this question are not generally so flaky as the Kennedy conspiracy-theorists, but the motivating tendencies are the same. For the Pearl Harbor contingent it is always 7:54 a.m. on that Sunday morning, a minute before the Japanese planes come through the clouds, just as for the JFK gumshoes the Hertz sign in Dealey Plaza says 12:29, not 12:30. General Short and Admiral Kimmel are still preparing for their Sunday-morning round of golf, and Jack and Jackie are still waving. The theorists claim as their intention the laying to rest of each disaster, something that cannot occur until the "real" truth is finally established; but their actual purpose is more like the opposite. The information is not so much hidden as hiding, which somehow makes the thrilling, sickening event forever *about* to take place. The buff can keep scanning the skies or peering over at the Grassy Knoll happy in the knowledge that this awful, sublime moment doesn't yet have to be over.



Thurston Clarke argues that the Hawaiian islands' explosive development in recent years makes it "easy to overlook how their beauty unhinged the purpose of their defenders." Paradise made war unimaginable, and even now a paradise that's been leased and subdivided retains charm enough to let its population, temporary and resident, ignore even such benign reminders of unpleasantness as the survivors' parade. Waikiki's beach lies only a block or two from Kalakaua Boulevard, and as the parade goes by there are plenty of swimmers and sunbathers content to let it pass unnoticed. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, looking much as it did when it opened in 1927, is ready with *mai tais* for survivor and sybarite alike.

It is, just as incongruously as fifty years ago, Christmas season, and on Friday night the Public Workers' Santa Parade will feature floats that are really city trucks from agencies like the Board of Water Supply. President and Mrs. Bush will be checked in at the Hilton Hawaiian Village, but the more important long-range news for the hotel appeared in Wayne Harada's "Show Biz" column in the December 5 *Advertiser*: "Don Ho ends his affiliation with the Hilton Hawaiian Village when he closes tomorrow evening at the Dome. He'll reopen Dec. 22—and launch a new era—at the Hula Hut on Beach Walk . . . "

As the old men in the parade go by, atop their trucks and behind their banners, dozen after dozen of them, one realizes that as much as anything else they are still-living monuments to the good life. A lot of them had been poor enlistees trying to escape the Depression. Their postwar upward mobility took them by surprise—and eventually on retirement trips like this one. The poignancy they finally make one feel is something larger and more generalized than that which came from the disaster they endured. If they weren't survivors, if they hadn't lost buddies, if they had never seen war, never done anything more remarkable in their lives than go to the prom, they would still be touching, as evidence of what life does to all those who were once boys: it makes them old and then it makes them die.

"Reflections of Pearl Harbor" is the title of the Friday afternoon program outside the Visitor Center. Under a broiling sun, attendants pass cups of water to the older members of the sparse crowd. None of the scheduled speakers is a survivor of the attack, since this event, as James Ridenour, director of the National Park Service, explains, is designed to show how there were more "victims of Pearl Harbor" than the people there that morning. If "survivor" is American talk-show diction, "victim" belongs to the academic lexicon. Its utterance leaves one suspiciously anticipating a sensitivity lesson, the kind of upside-down breast-beating that will make the attack have been America's fault.

The first speaker actually does something like the opposite. Alfred Preis, the *Arizona* memorial's designer, talks with the patriotic love of the refugee (in his case from Nazi-

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occupied Austria), thanking the United States for "having given me life." In a pained, wheezing voice he speaks of the curious foreshadowing experiences that gave him his aesthetic sense: at five years old he was taken by his mother to the Emperor's funeral and overwhelmed by the beauty, the feathers, the music, the "display of power." A strange dream of entering a cave also shaped the imagination of this man who would one day memorialize a thousand trapped men.

Then Edward I. Ichiyama, once Pacific Area manager for the Social Security administration, talks of the "very tragic constitutional failure" of the internment of 120,000 Japanese-Americans, including his American-citizen wife, whose brother was in the United States Army. Ichiyama himself became part of "the most decorated unit in American military history," the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, whose Japanese-Americans performed such unlikely historical feats as rescuing a Texas army unit from Germans who had them surrounded in the Vosges mountains. Ichiyama and all five of his brothers and brothers-in-law received Purple Hearts, and no one would think of denying him the title the printed program gives him—"Distinguished American." But the speech he gives is a litany of victims—the radiation sufferers of 1945, the blond German youth he saw lying dead. All of their agony is impossible to deny, but one feels uncomfortable with the implied idea that it is impermissible to think of carnage suffered without also thinking of carnage dealt.

He makes it sound as if that morning at Pearl was just another part of his hitch, but then he acknowledges that this is probably his fifth trip back.

In the hours before the actual anniversary dawned, a visitor to the harbor could see the *Missouri* strung with white lights, like a suspension bridge, and hear some distant strains of music. An orchestra practicing for the morning? Or maybe a few musicians who decided to stay and jam after tonight's "Battle of Music"? (The "Battle" was a re-creation of the December 6, 1941 band contest in which the *Arizona*'s placed second, earning the right to sleep late—which would mean forever—below deck.)

The parking lot behind the Consolidated Media Center is filled with satellite dishes for the morning's coverage. If satellites had existed fifty years ago, no one would be here now, but any reporters wishing to ride up to the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific—the Punchbowl, located in the crater of an extinct volcano—will have to be on the bus by 3:00 a.m., with instructions that, of the more than 36,490 graves there, only those of Ernie Pyle and Col. Ellison Onizuka (the *Challenger* astronaut) may be photographed. The grave markers are flat in the ground, in neat rows, just like the suburban houses the World War II GIs returned to buy and live in. Big flags brush the sides of the bus as it climbs and comes in sight of other buses, and more buses, and more still—all of them chartered to bring the survivors and their families up the mountain. Aging men and women step out of them on balky knees and look around in the chilly darkness. A marine bugler quietly rehearses taps, as the stars shine on in the night sky.

At 6:15 the band is playing the peppy march from *Bridge Over the River Kwai*, and people in the crowd inevitably begin whistling, conscious or not of its being fifty years ago to the minute that Admiral Yamamoto's planes were completing their carrier takeoffs for the 230-mile flight to Oahu.

The presidential motorcade makes its timed arrival at sunrise, blue-and-white signal lights flashing like sparklers, up along the esplanade, past the flags, past the crowds from the charter buses. After some mournful music and taps, George Bush's speech seems strangely throwaway. Neither the microphone nor the rhetoric is turned up high. There is a paragraph apologizing for the internment of Japanese-Americans; a quick tribute to those who fought "the cause of Korean and Vietnamese freedom"; mention of a Hawaiian boy who died in Desert Storm. Even with allowance made for the setting, the President's delivery is so completely unemphatic as to feel unseemly, at odds with the substance of his text. There is no applause until it is over, and an hour will pass before one realizes that George Bush's problem is not an absence of emotions but a surfeit. Up at Punchbowl he is husbanding them for what lies ahead, down in the harbor.

Back at Pearl, as 7:55 a.m. approaches, a weird feeling, not just silent but nervous, an awed and superstitious mood, takes hold. The "moment of silence" would probably be happening without its being on the schedule. It is broken by a roar of planes, whose location and direction are acoustically uncertain until one sees the four of them—and then, in "Missing Man" formation, only three—streaking westward above the harbor and over the *Arizona* memorial, where the President is waiting to make a speech and cast a wreath into the water. The ceremonies are for invited guests only, so the press watches them, with a big crowd of World War II veterans, over a big Panasonic TV on the Kilo 8 pier.

Right now Bush would probably like to be standing with Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa, shaking hands, but a few months ago PHSA national president Gerald Glaubitz said, of the Japanese, "They weren't invited fifty years ago, and we're not going to invite them now." The organization's historian, Raymond Emory, made an analogy: "If somebody had raped and murdered our mother fifty years ago, we wouldn't be inviting them over for lunch." The PHSA's clout is such that Emory, not Miyazawa, is sitting between George and Barbara Bush this morning on the *Arizona*.

When the Japanese parliament was not able to agree on a particularly apologetic resolution, it fell to Foreign Minister Watanabe to express "deep remorse," a gesture whose incompleteness was satirized in the *Advertiser*'s editorial car-

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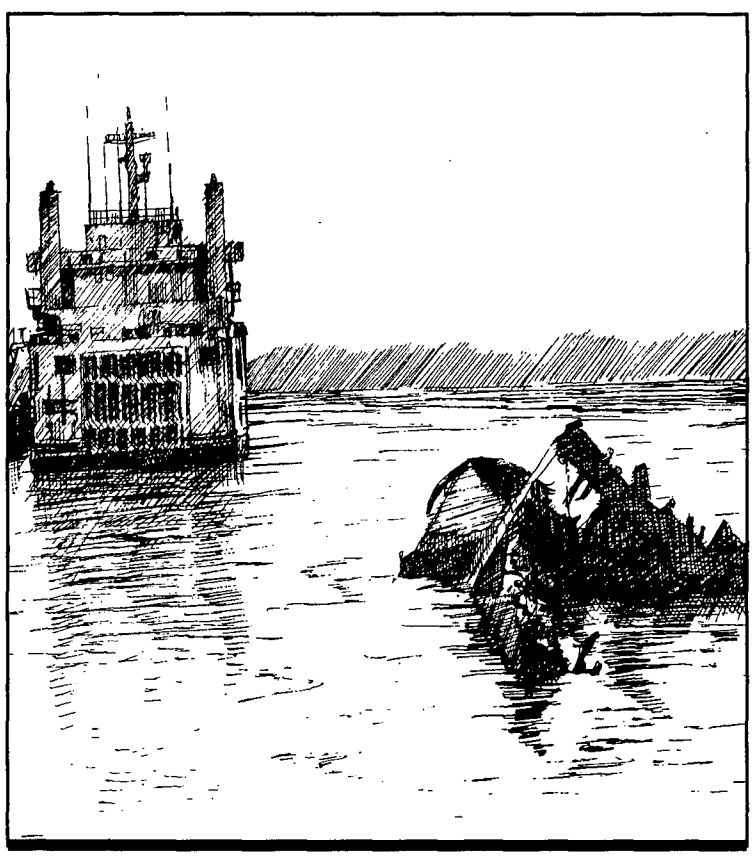
toon on Thursday. In his *Arizona* speech Bush moves away from the issue entirely, emphasizing instead the perils of isolationism ("The world does not stop at our water's edge"), a bland enough theme, one would have thought, except for the challenge he is facing from Pat Buchanan and the new America Firsters. He also contributes, much to the liking of the PHSA, to the continuing alchemy of Pearl Harbor from debacle into triumph, speaking of the "Heroes of the Harbor," men who "did not panic" but "raced to their stations. Some strapped pistols over pajamas—fought, and died. . . . For the defenders of Pearl, heroism came as naturally as breath. They reacted by instinctively rushing to their posts."

The President's remarks memorably illustrate the way sincerity can redeem boilerplate. There is nothing exceptional about this speech other than the way in which it moves its speaker. Bush cannot, without choking up, get through his second-to-last paragraph, in which he describes how the harbor's water, "in what now seems another lifetime . . . wrapped its arms around the finest sons any nation could ever have; and it carried them to another, better world." The catch in his throat moves people on Kilo 8 to tears. The report of saluting rifles reaches them through the Panasonic TV before, a split second later, it arrives on the breeze.



Few veterans in the crowd on Kilo 8 remember hearing news of Pearl Harbor while "walking across the green at school," namely Andover, as Bush recalls doing after he and the First Lady are ferried over from the *Arizona* memorial; and the President's remark that the Japanese expression of "deep remorse" is "much appreciated" by the United States is greeted with silence. Even so, one gets the feeling that what the combative Gerald Glaubitz said about Bush at Punchbowl a couple of hours ago is true: "He's one of us." It's more than his experience as a naval aviator, which has made him the perfect President for this occasion. It's generational. His best moment comes when he gets suddenly personal, philosophical, the way one might with friends of a lifetime some summer night on a front porch. The public rhetoric turns confidential: "I wondered: what will my reaction be when I go back to Pearl Harbor? What will their reaction be—the other old vets—especially those who survived that terrible day right here? Well, let me tell you how I feel. I have no rancor in my heart towards Germany or Japan—none at all. I hope you have none in yours." It's said in the vulnerable way friends have of talking about all the hands that have been dealt, and the feelings it stirs are released in applause generated by his next proud and declamatory paragraph: "World War II is over. It is history. We won. We crushed totalitarianism; and when that was done, we helped our enemies give birth to democracies. We reached out, both in Europe and in Asia, and made our enemies our friends. We healed their wounds and in the process, we lifted ourselves up."

It remains for Bush to conjure the dead once more, this time to imagine words they might be speaking: "Don't you think they're saying: 'Fifty years have passed. Our country is the undisputed leader of the free world. We are at peace.' Don't you think each one is saying: 'I did not die in vain.'"

Just prior to the anniversary Frank Deford wrote in *Newsweek* that "We make a to-do about remembering it each year. But we don't. Not really. What we actually do is: We Remember That We Remember Pearl Harbor." There is something to this; sentimentality could, after all, be defined as the squaring of sentiment. Nonetheless, there is something to be said for trying to remember feelings once felt. If the debate over a Japanese apology has been confused, it has not been unintelligent, and it has for now saved one theater of the war from the specious moral equivalence the "healing" waters of time will inevitably bring. All history's destiny is toward pageant: the German Protestant Princes and the Holy Roman Empire are equally colorful, each no more right or wrong than the other, and the Civil War is eventually a chess set. But there is no point in hastening a process that, aside from its inevitability, is destructive of the truth. If the book on Pearl Harbor remains a bit rancorously open, that's not so bad as a wrongheaded rush to Bitburg.

Nearby Hickam Air Force Base has a plush feel, like that of a well-tended college campus, with dozens of creamy beige and brown facilities and residences. What happened here fifty years ago is usually told

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second or third in the story of December 7, 1941. Hickam held a modest ceremony at the base flagpole late on Saturday morning to honor its dead, and an hour later the base seemed back to normal. The only unusual sound was the departing roar of Air Force One. The portable bleachers that had been set up by the flagpole were already being folded.

But Robert ("Johnny") Johnson was still there, counting the names of the dead, twenty-nine of them from the 22nd Materiel Squadron, on the new marker. He had arrived at Hickam in September 1940 to work as a parachute rigger, and can remember being in the hospital with a broken ankle the following summer. After his release in October '41, he continued to limp for a while, "but that day I don't remember limping." That day was December 7, the day of what he refers to as the "blitz"—the bombing of the main barracks at Hickam. He had just gotten back from brushing his teeth when it started.

The Japanese planes, says Johnson, would fly down behind the hangars. Then "they'd turn around and they'd strafe on the way back." Sharing a memory frequently spoken by survivors, he says he "could see those guys sitting, the two of them in each plane, just sitting there, their heads. I could see them as they went by." It was the last strike that hit the barracks. "I got blown up in the air and I sort of came down on my neck and shoulder, and it felt like the shoes had gone off of my feet. . . . I was asking the Fellow Up Above to help me get by or get through, and after that I always said, 'Well, if they never got me that day, they're never going to get me.'" Johnson would spend part of a long war—he was discharged in the summer of 1945—in the Gilbert Islands.

He first returned here in 1971 for the PHSA's national convention, and he's returned to the islands a number of times since. What he's liked least about this current trip is the jam-packed overdevelopment of Waikiki and the talk he hears of how it was the Navy that really won the war. He acknowledges "lots of good memories, and a lot of bad memories." Among the latter is one from the mess hall, which he says could seat 900 airmen at once: "A kid from my hometown was there. He was a cook, but he wasn't on duty that day. He was making him a lunch to go hiking, and of course he got blown to bits. That was his birthday, 23 years old that day. Lawrence Carlson was his name." He enunciates it precisely, making sure I've got it right.

The men leaving Honolulu, in plane after plane on Monday, December 9, have mostly retired from whatever work they took up in 1945. But once again they are going home. Their eastward flight path is taking them closer to the wreck of the USS *Oklahoma* than they have been anytime this weekend, for the *Oklahoma* lies 540 miles northeast of where she first sank after taking nine torpedoes on the morning of December 7, 1941. Like most of the ships that went down in the attack, she was eventually raised. The others were returned to service, but she was too far gone for that, and so in 1947 she was towed east toward a scrapyard. As if in protest against such a fate, she sank a second time, before arriving at her destination, and she's never been raised since.

While she was still on the bottom of Pearl Harbor, some of the sailors trapped inside made marks on the bulkhead showing that they lived on until at least Christmas Eve.

"Don't you think," asked President Bush about the fallen, that "each one is saying: 'I did not die in vain.'" Eventually, perhaps, the spirits of the *Oklahoma* knew or felt that, but not in those seventeen days, as they breathed the last of the pocketed air over and over. They may literally not have known what hit them, much less its historical meaning. Peace and satisfaction must have been a long time coming, just as they were to many of these survivors, still alive, flying homeward. When the President shouted, with true feeling, that "We crushed totalitarianism," a part of him knew he was telling only a half truth. The occasion permitted no reference to what another President called the "long twilight struggle" of a "hard and bitter peace," the one that began with an expedient handshake over the Elbe.

If they weren't survivors, if they hadn't lost buddies, if they had never seen war, never done anything more remarkable in their lives than go to the prom, they would still be touching, as evidence of what life does to all those who were once boys.

Nonetheless, some of the men flying home in this steel tube, away from all those sunken ones, must be taking satisfaction in the news, heard on hotel televisions as they undressed after last night's dinner at the Sheraton, that the Soviet Union, born when most of them were, has for all intents and purposes ceased to exist. Any sort of boasting about this, during the past two years, as its inevitability grew clear, has been almost forbidden by some national feeling of what is proper. A lot of men in this generation, no doubt because of the war, never had much taste for demonstrativeness in any case. I can remember, years ago, hearing the man who had once been Sgt. Arthur Mallon of the United States Army tell me how it was on V-J Day that he returned to New York after his three years in England as a medic. What did he do? I wanted to know, assuming he had rushed to Times Square to kiss the same nurse in Alfred Eisenstaedt's famous photograph. No, he just got a haircut before returning to his mother's house, which he'd last seen in 1942, and going to bed. Even so, if he were still here, I suspect he would join in marveling at the world's growing resemblance to the envisioned one for which he was asked to fight. ❐

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L.A. Recession

by Benjamin J. Stein

Friday

A call at 8:00 a.m. from my pal, B., the lovely, sprightly gamine of 25 who used to work for me before going on to greener pastures at a large publishing company. "I'm so scared," she said. "It's Christmas, and I'm totally broke. I'm thinking of taking a night job as a waitress, even though I'm chronically fatigued and totally exhausted and really sick. I have to do it because I don't want to disappoint my nephew and my mother by not having nice presents for them for Christmas."

"This sounds really sad," I said. "Can I help in any way?"

"No," she said. "I know you're really, really worried about the economy, too, and about yourself."

"Well, I was worried," I answered, "but my father told me that we're only about 1.4 percent below our cyclical employment peak, so I'm completely in the clear about my future."

"You are?" she asked breathlessly. "You really are? In that case, can you give me a hundred dollars? That'll be my Christmas present."

"I had actually planned to give you a copy of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," I said. "But if you really want the hundred bucks . . ."

"Well, I sort of need it," B. said. "I have to get my hair cut and colored this afternoon at José Eber's, and I had to wait two months to get the appointment, and now that I have it, I sure don't want to lose it because I don't have any money. My grandmother's going to lend me the rest."

"Maybe if you're broke, you shouldn't get your hair cut and colored for $250 at José Eber's," I suggested.

"I have to," she said. "Because I'm going to Aspen for Christmas, and I'm going to Don Simpson's birthday party, and I want to look really great."

I got up and fed my dog, Trixie. She ate her food and then went to sleep, proving that dogs really are the best economists.

As I was walking around my house thinking about the best way to measure risk in bonds, I had a visit from my neighbor, Jane, the artist.

"I'm leaving here," she said. "I hate it in Malibu, and I hate it in Hollywood. All anyone ever talks about is the recession. Meanwhile, I'm so broke all I want to do is hide. I have to pay for my gas with my American Express because I have literally no money at all in my checking account. Nobody's buying my paintings anymore. Even the one I thought up, the 3-D version of Magic Johnson at his press conference, even that I can't sell. Everyone's broke, and it's all anyone talks about, so I'm leaving town."

"To get a job? To maybe go back to school?"

"No," Jane said, looking at me with surprise. "To go to the south of France to take art classes. I've been looking at ads for villas near Nice. There's a really fine art school there, and I could take classes all day and cook all night. The light there is fantastic."

"Just out of a stupid curiosity," I asked, "how will you pay for this?"

"Well, I have this C.D. that I always thought I'd use as a nest egg for my children's college, but what the heck, they're both really good guitar players and probably won't even want to go to college . . ."

"So you're going to use the last money you have in the world to go to France and take art classes?"

"Well, what's wrong with that? It's the recession, and everybody's really down, and I can't stand it."

"What if the recession is still going on when you get back from France?"

"I'll just turn around and go right back," she said. "Or maybe to Spain."

I took Trixie out for a walk and looked at the billboards for movies. It's an astonishing thing how many of them have women holding guns and looking happy. I'll definitely have to point this out to my doctor.

As I passed by Azzedine Allaia, a dress shop for wealthy rock 'n' rollers, I ran into my friend Allen getting out of his Jaguar convertible. He looked remarkably fit and healthy. "Allen," I said. "I am so glad I ran into you. You look so great, and everybody I know is so down about the recession." →

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

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He grasped my shoulder in a vise-like grip. "It's simple," he said. "I bought this thing called a Juice Man a few weeks ago. It takes whole oranges and apples and even bananas and grinds them up and then you drink the stuff, and it makes you feel fabulous. Fabulous. It's the pulp that does it."

I looked at Allen. He looked decidedly healthy, overwhelmingly so. He also had what I could best call an eerie look in his eyes. "Last time we talked," I said to him, "you were terrified about money. Now you look so happy. What happened?"

"I decided not to worry," Allen said. "I decided that it just didn't make any sense to beat myself up about the fact that I haven't had a job for a couple of years. So I just took my money out of my retirement plan at the studio and then out of my IRAs and my Keogh, and I spent it. Isn't this car great? I got a helluva buy on it, too, because no one is buying luxury goods anymore."

"You used your IRA and your Keogh to buy a Jaguar?"

"Ben," he said, "my first priority is to Feel Good About Myself. If I can do that I'll have Prosperity As My Divine Right. If I have the car, I'll Feel Good About Myself. And with my Juice Man, I'll feel even better, because I'll look even better. You get the picture?"

I wrote for most of the day about junk, and then went off to see my four-year-old Devil Boy. He was looking at a TV commercial for a child-size armored personnel carrier, in which the child can take all of his friends and ride around the neighborhood. I wondered what neighborhood it was designed for.

"I want one of those, Daddy," Tommy said. "Armored personnel carrier."

"Tommy," I said, "Daddy cannot afford an armored personnel carrier for you. I guess you don't know there's a recession going on."

The lad looked at me pityingly. "Daddy, I guess you don't know much about life, do you?"

"What is that supposed to mean, young man?" I demanded in my sternest tones.

He shook his head and walked into the kitchen. From a counter, he took his mother's pocketbook. From it, he took her wallet. From the wallet, he took a handful of credit cards and handed them to me. "I want an armored personnel carrier," he said again.

Dinner at Morton's with two close friends. Y. is an airplane dealer in Phoenix whose business has gone completely to hell with the general collapse of the civil-aviation market. Z. is a lawyer with a huge New York firm with an office in Los Angeles. He has just been passed over for partner and is contemplating his future.

"I'll probably refinance a few of my planes in inventory," Y. said, "and then I'll take that money and use it to start some lender-liability cases against my bankers, and then go into bankruptcy in Florida. I have a house there and when you go into Chapter 11, they can't take away your house no matter what."

"I hope you're kidding," I said. "Why don't you just go into Chapter right now?"

"I still have a Gulfstream," Y. said, "and I have to go to some polo matches in Palm Beach in it. I'm taking a few of my friends and we like to ride in the Gulfstream. It's a lot better than first class commercial."

"Does this mean you've settled things with your conscience about the money you owe?"

"Absolutely," he replied enthusiastically. We both were momentarily distracted by watching Julia Roberts stroll in with Jason Patric and sit down with David and Lili Zanuck at a large table. "A guy from Bank of America showed up in my lobby in Phoenix the other day and said he was just going to wait there for the seven hundred thousand I owe him. I asked him how old he was. He said he was 50 or something. I told him he had best get a lot of books to read about preparing for his retirement. He said I owed the bank the money.

"I said, 'Hey, I don't owe you anything. You guys took a chance. Sometimes they work out, sometimes they don't work out. You knew this business has ups and downs, and now is a down time. When you lose money in Vegas, you don't just sit at the craps table and whine. You take your lumps like a man and go on with it.'"

"How did the guy from the bank take it?"

"He was upset," Y. said, "but then I said to him, 'Look, what's the problem? You get paid whether I pay the bank or not. There's a great bar near here. Just go over there and hang out for a few hours. Here's a hundred for some drinks. I'll tell your bosses you were beating my brains in, and we'll both have a laugh.' "

"What did the guy do ?"

"He took the hundred," Y. said, "and we both had a good laugh."

"This is a heaven-sent dinner," Z., the lawyer, added. "I was going to try to stay in securities work, but now I don't see why I should. I think the field of the future here has got to be lender liability. Got to be. Where else in the whole world can there possibly be more people who think that if you borrow money you shouldn't have to pay it back?"

Back at my condo, I got a call from my friend N., who is two months behind on her rent, and coincidentally is taking two weeks' vacation in Florida. "Do you think it's bad that I have an overdue notice for my income tax for 1988 and 1989?" she asked. "I mentioned that to someone here and he said it was dangerous, but everyone in L.A. says not to worry about it."

"No, of course it's not bad," I said. "Go have a good time. It's not a problem."

"Why can't everybody just take it easy the way you do?" N. asked. "Why are people so antsy about the recession and paying back money? After all, we just owe it to ourselves, don't we? So what's the difference when it gets repaid?"

Monday

Lunch with D., a young woman who used to dog-sit for yours truly and now is a promotions woman with a record label that specializes in truly vile rap groups.

"What's gonna happen to us?" she asked. "Are we gonna have a Depression?"

"We're already depressed," I said, "so we're halfway there."

"You know," she said, her 25-year-old eyes shining with moisture, "last time I voted, I would have voted for any Republican. Now, I'd vote for any Democrat. That's what all my friends from USC say, too. They hate Bush. They loved Reagan, and they hate Bush because all he does is talk in that crazy, little old schoolteacher voice like he was Mrs. Bates from the Bates Motel."

"Hmm," I said. "Hmmm." ❐

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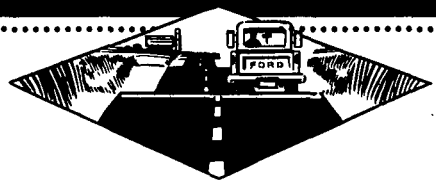

Off the Mark

by George Gilder

In early September, in nearly every city and town in America, football coaches perform a rough sort on their charges. Without any notion that they are performing a sinister act that will beget a cascading series of effects angrily denounced as racist in the U.S. media, the coaches line up their recruits for a 40-yard dash. And in almost every town, the result is the same. If there are any black boys in the group, they usually win the race.

This ritual has many consequences. Among them are black dominance of most of the more glamorous running roles in football, and U.S. global dominance in sports requiring leg speed. Another result is the regular investigative report on racism in American athletics conducted by reporters professionally blind to the obvious facts of black superiority in running speed.

The latest example is *USA Today*'s four-part series on Race and Sports, which ran from December 16 to 19. Like previous series in *Sports Illustrated* and the *New York Times*, the reporters begin and end by doggedly denying the totally obvious black genetic advantage in sprint speed. Ignoring this crucial factor and artfully probing the paranoia of blacks taught from childhood to see racism everywhere, the reporters can build up a shocking and sensational case for widespread discrimination in sports.

USA Today tried to deny the sprint speed difference by citing the occasional white sprint star and by arguing that racist white American athletes avoid the dashes out of aversion to blacks. But blacks dominate the dashes everywhere they compete, including countries such as France, Britain, and Canada, which have few blacks for whites to avoid. For two decades now, some 95 percent of the world's dashmen listed in the *Track and Field News* Top 100 rankings have been black. History's top ten 100-meter times are all by blacks, including a black Briton and a black Cuban.

Recognize this fact of life and nearly all the claims of racism in sports collapse. Sprint speed, for example, explains relatively low black representation at quarterback in football. Because sprint speed is so valuable and cannot be much enhanced by training, coaches cherish their sprinters. Sprinters are not "stacked" on the bench for years awaiting their chance to play quarterback. Indispensable at several key positions, they get to play right away. If an athlete with sprint speed fails to win the quarterback slot, he can play an array of other prestigious positions; without sprint speed, a white quarterback sits. With no alternative role, the non-sprinter will struggle harder to master the array of skills at quarterback than the sprinter will.

On Yale's unbeaten football team in the mid-1960s, the slow Brian Dowling (B.D. of "Doonesbury" fame) was picked for quarterback over Calvin Hill, who weighed 220 pounds and could run 100 yards in 9.6 seconds. Despite Hill's complaints of racism, the coach's decision to shift a big 9.6 sprinter to fullback had no more to do with racism than Hill's later success as a fullback in the NFL, where Dowling failed. In the Canadian league, where quarterback is more a running position, blacks do better at quarterback than in the U.S., where it is a throwing position. The "leadership stereotyping" blamed by *USA Today* has nothing to do with it. This pattern prevails in other sports: in baseball, superior sprint speed explains higher black batting averages and stolen base records and only proportionate representation in positions where throwing or agility are the key. People gifted with sprint speed have less motive to undergo the arduous and specialized training required to pitch or play catcher.

USA Today tried to find racism even in track and field, a sport ruled entirely by objective standards of performance. Track and field shows the same black dominance in events based on sprint speed and the same merely proportionate representation elsewhere that is ascribed to racism when found on football and baseball teams. In track and field, sprinters have less motive to master the intricacies of pole vaulting or javelin throwing.

Ever alert to bizarre evidence of racism, *USA Today* claimed that declining white performances at 800 meters were attributable to "white flight" in the face of the rising dominance of blacks in the event. But similar declines have occurred in several other track events with few American blacks. If the reporters want to know the reasons for the decline, perhaps they might begin by considering that the American media covers track and field chiefly as an extension of the drugs and steroids beat.

The ingenuity of the American media in discovering and promoting racism knows no bounds. In their analysis, whites are racist because they lose to blacks in the 100; whites are also racist because they succeed against blacks at quarterback. Basketball is racist

George Gilder's books include Wealth and Poverty, Visible Man, Sexual Suicide, Men and Marriage, *and* The Spirit of Enterprise.

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because it is dominated by blacks; golf is racist because it is dominated by whites. College teams are racist because they "exploit" black athletes and fail to educate them; the NCAA is racist because it insists that blacks unqualified for higher education be excluded from college teams.

It is obvious that whites in America desperately want blacks to succeed. From Michael Jordan to Bill Cosby, from Magic Johnson to Eddie Murphy, from Whitney Houston to Toni Morrison, from O.J. Simpson to Arsenio Hall, blacks who excel whites in important fields win the most sincere votes of all: the unimpeachable vote of the marketplace. Conclusively refuting the idea that white Americans resent black athletes is the ever-increasing popularity of professional basketball and football during the very period that blacks have moved to dominance. Despite constant charges of racism, whites still flock to watch black athletes perform; whites continue to invest in mostly black teams.

Americans even supported affirmative action until it became obvious that its chief beneficiaries were not deserving blacks but litigious whiners, black and white, male and female, and their obnoxious lawyers. As Thomas Sowell has pointed out, the latest civil rights law will be bad for blacks, since it deters businesses from moving to black areas, which become a litigation trap. But the law will be wonderful for lawyers, who can sue virtually any company in the country with more than fourteen employees, if one of them is black or female and disgruntled. Now the media seem determined to make athletics, too, an arena of racial bitterness and litigation.

Nonetheless, U.S. athletics still offer an inspiring display of American racial amity—a continual enactment of the American dream. Today, sports are inherently a worthier field to cover, more valuable morally and aesthetically than most contemporary art, music, films, and drama chiefly because these other fields have been befouled by leftist politics and nihilism. The best way for sports reporters both to defend their beat and to fight racism is by spurning the phony sanctimony and cynicism of the front of the paper—by merely telling the dramatic stories of athletic achievement by multiracial teams performing before enthusiastic multiracial crowds. ❐

EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

A First Class Eurocrat

by David Brooks

Brussels

You probably won't get to meet an official of the European Community unless you get bumped to first class on a transatlantic flight. You'll recognize the Eurocrat by his featureless brow, his colorless hair, his look of habitual contentedness. As he approaches, you notice the buttery complexion of his cheeks, the mark of a diet rich in subtle sauces. He has about him the cultivated smell of one who is particular about his toilet.

He sets his Loewe briefcase on the seat next to you, and then folds his suit jacket in a practiced four-step maneuver, so that it won't crease even if the plane should go down in a ball of flames. He meticulously fastens his seatbelt, opens his briefcase, and removes a document entitled "The Budgetary Implications of the DG IV VAT Harmonization White Paper: An IGC Perspective." He pulls out a silver mechanical pencil and makes tiny checkmarks, one centimeter each, next to each paragraph as he reads.

He summons the flight attendant and asks, "Which whites do you have?" She returns with a bottle, which the Eurocrat inspects over his glasses. He lets out a sigh to indicate the gut-wrenching pain such a vintage will cause him. "All right, if that's all you have."

You try to make conversation, and ask him how this business of creating a United States of Europe is going. He assures you that the new European architecture is not an affair that can be summarized in black and white. It is nuanced, complex.

You want to be frank. You know that the idea of bringing down trade barriers is a noble one. You keep reading that the EC bureaucracy is trying to limit state subsidies to coddled European industries. You keep reading about free-market endeavors sponsored by the EC. "But," you say in closing, "I still can't believe that a group of repugnant technocrats such as yourself can be anything other than evil."

He is not offended. He is above the crude cut and thrust of argument and dispute. In fact, seeing a dull flight in front of him, he decides to let you in on the secret, the real force that drives European unification. "I just hope my Discretion Officer doesn't hear about this," he says.

European unification is not a German racket as some British conservatives think, he explains. Nor is it a pretext for French domination. In reality the unity process is a tool of Belgian cultural hegemony.

If the Belgians are not competent enough to organize a twentieth-century phone service, you wonder, how could they organize a conspiracy to dominate Europe?

The Eurocrat smiles at your naïveté. "When European unity is achieved under the aegis of the Eurocracy, what sort of European citizen will have been created?"

Everybody knows the answer to that: "A shapeless man passing out his life in an environment prearranged for his comfort, sunk in a stupor caused by beer and well-regulated food products, passively going to work in some bureaucratic post-for-life, and never troubling himself with things about which he has no expertise, such as self-government."

"Remind you of anyone?" our man asks.

David Brooks is an editorial page editor at the Wall Street Journal Europe.

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You feel a shiver up your spine. You have been to Brussels.

Already, the Eurocrat continues, the burden of self-government has been largely removed from the shoulders of European citizens. In December the most popular German daily surveyed its members on whether they thought the deutsche mark should be folded into the European currency unit (ECU). Of the millions of readers, 96.6 percent were opposed to the idea. Not troubling himself with popular opinion, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl went to the Dutch city of Maastricht on December 8, 1991, and proceeded to sign away the deutsche mark in favor of the ECU. Meanwhile, leading German officials lamented the "psychological factors" among the populace that had led them astray, as if being against the submersion of the deutsche mark was a sign of mental illness.

At the summit, British Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont asked some of his fellow finance ministers why they were so eager to sign away their currencies without giving their parliaments a chance to approve. According to Lamont, they told him their parliaments would probably reject the deal, so must not be given the chance.

The French government didn't bother to disturb its subjects with topics they couldn't be expected to understand. A week before François Mitterrand went to Maastricht and advocated signing away a thousand years of French sovereignty, a Paris daily dispatched a pollster to ask the citizenry what they thought of the moves. Seventy-five percent of Frenchmen had either never heard of the summit or didn't know what its purpose was.

The Belgians held a national election just days before the summit, at the very time when policies toward unification were being formed. Belgium's policy toward Europe was not an issue in the campaign, and one is stared at rudely for suggesting that perhaps the most important political event of the decade should play a role in a campaign or two.

Britons are used to having some say in their affairs, and continually tell pollsters by margins of about 60-to-40 that they oppose European monetary and political union. But even in Great Britain, the Eurocrat boasts, the mob is permitted little voice in policy. Of the over 600 members of Parliament, only about fifteen share the views of the majority on Europe. These fifteen are considered lunatics and fruitcakes by their parliamentary colleagues. One of them, who happens to be the former prime minister, actually suggested a popular referendum on surrendering monetary sovereignty, since none of the major parties were representing the views of the majority. This idea was roundly dismissed as the notion of someone who had lost touch with the times. In Switzerland, after all, there had been a popular vote on whether that nation should join the drive to continental union, and the people had voted wrong; they'd said no.

How did the Belgians do it?

"It was easy. They just grasped the ridiculous and took it seriously."

For years, statesmen had been rounding off their speeches with pap on the virtues of European unity. Winston Churchill said that a United States of Europe was a noble vision. In 1957 Dwight Eisenhower called a united Europe "a necessity for the prosperity of Europeans and for the whole world." Everyone knew this was just fine-sounding goo, on the level of "Have a nice day," but the Belgians and the Germans—it was Adenauer who observed that "Germans are merely Belgians with megalomania"—took it literally. The French, who take nothing literally, saw an advantage in having other Europeans believe it.

Helmut Kohl, the Eurocrat continued, his voice down to an impressive whisper, then added another wrinkle, that European unity was inevitable. Last November Kohl compared it to the Rhine, which, no matter how it is blocked, inevitably flows into the sea. "And in the same way, European history will end up with European unity," the Eurocrat said.

"You mean the way the collapse of capitalism was inevitable, the way a world government was inevitable?" you ask.

The Eurocrat smiles. "You know how these Germans like to think history is flowing in one direction or another." This idea of inevitability dominates public discussion, giving birth to a million transport metaphors. The British, for example, are told to get on the train to unity. The ship is leaving the port. The Maastricht treaty would be a conveyor belt to unification.

Anybody who dared to ask where the train was headed or why a continent had to be a ship was treated as a hidebound reactionary. Europe used to be a place you could visit or live in, but it turned into an idea that you were either pro- or anti-. To oppose the growing power of the Brussels bureaucracy was to be labeled anti-European, which carries the social stigma of being anti-environment. Like the environmentalists, the Europeanists do their most effective work brainwashing the young. Schools perform European unification dances, and children recite odes to European cooperation. In public speeches a ritualistic series of phrases developed, for example: "If we don't want to have a Germanicized Europe, we must have a Europeanized Germany."

Then there is the influence of peer pressure. On the continent social etiquette governs political discussion. Being anti-Europe is like saying you prefer bowling to tennis, or wearing polyester instead of natural fibers.

"In the end, there is no debate," your Eurocrat friend concludes, "and we are left to run the European government. We are experts. We're efficient. We keep it technocratic enough so that nobody could possibly understand or be interested in our activities. It all runs smoothly. Europe prospers."

"You know," you finally blurt out, "there are agencies such as the National Endowment for Democracy in Washington that try to export democratic ideals to other parts of the world. A massive peace corps effort, say on the order of the Marshall Plan, might be able to instill some measure of democratic values in Europeans."

You suppose the idea would frighten him, but no way. "West Europeans are so comfortable," the Eurocrat says. "They enjoy government by commission. The lessons wouldn't take. Now the east is another matter. I hear the people in Eastern Europe are interested in democratic self-government. That's where the real danger lies. And that's why we've got to keep them out of the EC." ❐

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Mozambique Pique

by Andrew Roberts

"Severed heads on shop shelves after Renamo massacres a thousand," read a headline in the *Independent* last summer. When the story was checked, the real figure turned out to be less than fifty. Renamo is the acronym of the anti-Marxist insurgents in southern Africa's longest running civil war. Since 1977 they have been dedicated to overthrowing Mozambique's Frelimo government. The long jungle struggle is still able to produce some gruesome stories, not to mention a few remarkable characters.

Manuel Antonio is a 32-year-old mystic who traces his descent from Christ, sleeps in cemeteries, and claims to have returned to life after dying of measles. Two years ago, he told his Naparama followers that a vaccination he had concocted would make them immune to bullets. Armed only with spears and bows and arrows, they attacked the Renamo guerrillas and through sheer fanaticism and force of numbers won a couple of early victories. It did not take long before the villagers saw through Antonio's claim that the vaccination worked only for those who had abstained from sex the night before. He is thought to be in hiding.

Whether or not Renamo is winning the land war—it claims to control 85 percent of the country—it has definitely lost the propaganda battle. (Of course, propaganda campaigns in the region leave something to be desired: some years ago, the South African Information Bureau issued a video announcing that then South African president P.W. Botha "likes small children, furry animals, and nice, hot custard.") Despite its long struggle against a corrupt former Soviet puppet regime, Renamo has somehow never managed to attain the level of cachet among the right enjoyed by the contras, Unita, and the mujahedeen in the 1980s. No one knows much about the Renamo leader, Alfonso Dlakama, but all you hear is bad. Even Erich Honecker enjoys greater international acclaim.

United in their condemnation of Dlakama are the British Foreign Office, Mr. Pik Botha, Tanzania, Robert Mugabe, the Commonwealth, Malawi, and the U.S. State Department. The only people with a good word for him are the Marquis of Salisbury and Auberon Waugh. With enemies and friends like that, Dlakama was someone I had to meet, and I did during his visit to Portugal last November. Frelimo has made several attempts on Dlakama's life since he started coming to Europe; it recently shot down a plane they believed he was on. "Actually, the nearest I came to death that trip," he told me after I had been frisked and admitted to his room on the twelfth floor of the Altis Hotel in Lisbon, "was when I was being driven across Rome by an Italian taxi driver."

He was in a jovial mood, having just heard of the fall of Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda. "It shows democracy may be on the way in southern Africa," he smiled, "if such an astute politician as Kaunda can lose an election. Ever since I went into opposition in 1977, African friends have asked me why I want a multi-party state in Mozambique. 'That's just for the white man,' they said. Now it's beginning to look as if they could be proved wrong."

Dlakama is 39, good-looking, and drives a motorbike around his headquarters in the bush. He is a devout Catholic and speaks twelve of the Mozambiquan dialects. It is not easy, when speaking to this personable fellow, to remember that he is regarded by those few people who have heard of him as Africa's Ceausescu.

The civil war has cost around a hundred thousand lives and left nearly a million homeless. "We're no angels," admits Renamo's Adelino Pires, a white former big-game hunter whose farm was confiscated by Frelimo. "But for every tale of an atrocity on our side there is another of one committed by Frelimo or Zimbabwean troops." Lord Michael Cecil, who spent ten weeks in the bush with Renamo in 1988, found the guerrillas "well-disciplined, if ill-equipped. They clearly had a degree of popular support." According to Cecil, "Vicious, murderous acts of banditry are often the work of unpaid, unfed Frelimo soldiers trying to scratch themselves a living."

In order to keep open Zimbabwe's only connection with the Indian Ocean, Robert Mugabe has stationed 15,000 troops in Mozambique. These, along with Frelimo soldiers, receive training from British army "advisers." "There are quite a number of British soldiers operating in Mozambique," said Dlakama, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger, "and of course they are in danger. It's a war. They are targets. We know where

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they are in Nacala, Chimoio, and Maputo."

Just why the British government is providing military support for a non-Commonwealth African state where no vital British interests are at stake has never been adequately explained. The United States also gives Mozambique millions of dollars a year in development aid. Dlakama, whose long-professed pro-Western, anti-Marxist stance dovetails well with an admiration for Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, is understandably nonplussed. "Why should America, which defended the same principles of justice and human rights in Grenada and Kuwait that we are fighting for in Mozambique, support Frelimo?" he asks.

Having seen what collectivism and state farming have done to his country, Dlakama has been in regular contact with several Western free market academics. Extraordinarily for an African leader, he also accepts economist Peter Bauer's theories about the debilitating effects international aid has on its recipients. Should he come to power in Maputo—his forces operate regularly in its suburbs—he says he would refuse all aid except for training and teaching programs.

Now that peace has come to Namibia and Angola and Cuban troops have been removed, Dlakama believes American policy-makers have lost what interest they had in the ideological struggle in southern Africa. That is why Washington provides aid to Frelimo—to a government that still proclaims in Article 3 of its constitution that it is "guided by the synthesis of the experience of the Mozambiquan people's revolutionary struggle with the universal principles of Marxism-Leninism. These foundations and the class composition of the Party guarantee that the Frelimo Party expresses and embodies the highest legitimate aspirations of the people." Officials in the Bush Administration and the State Department argue that the regime is now officially distancing itself from this sort of ideology. But as Dlakama says of Frelimo, "Of course if they are dependent on British and American aid they are likely to drop the name 'Marxists,' but it doesn't make them feel any differently about real multi-party elections."

Choosing between Frelimo and Renamo may seem, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, like "trying to settle the precedency between a louse and a flea." Still, Western officials tend to be swayed by such documents as the State Department's Gersony Report, which was presented to Chester Crocker in April 1988, accusing Renamo of numerous atrocities in the Mozambiquan civil war. It seems to make no difference that, in private, the Swiss Red Cross has distanced itself from the one-sided report. As in Yugoslavia today, and even America in the last century, civil wars tend to produce a peculiar viciousness, and there can be no doubt that—as in the Afghan, Angolan, and Nicaraguan conflicts—horrific things have been done on both sides. That makes it all the more mystifying why the West should be mixed up in Mozambique's miseries, especially on the Marxists' side. ❐

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Quayle's New Level

by Terry Eastland

In early January, the *Washington Post* published its much-anticipated seven-part series on Vice President Dan Quayle by Bob Woodward and David S. Broder. To the alarm of political Washington, Quayle not only survived the event but came out looking better than ever:

> Quayle has proved himself to be a skillful player of the political game, with a competitive drive that has been underestimated repeatedly by his rivals.
>
> Some serious charges made against Quayle—including allegations of academic failure or dishonesty and manipulation of National Guard rules—as well as descriptions of vast wealth, appear to be false.
>
> By most accounts, he is more active . . . and more influential than Bush was as vice president.

Such observations—notwithstanding others that were negative—were too much for some apparently outraged journalists; "sweetheart coverage," Dan Rather called it. In an interview with Howard Kurtz, the *Post*'s own press-watcher, Executive Editor Leonard Downie defended the series, calling it a "new level of journalism," which he defined as finding out "everything there was to find out about Dan Quayle and Marilyn Quayle" and letting "the facts dictate." Someone not acquainted with the higher theories of journalism would have thought that plain old reporting was about letting the facts dictate—to the degree facts ever can. But call this journalism old or new, or new-level, it's an improvement over journalism that simply trades on conventional wisdom.

Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

It all started back in August 1988 when George Bush surprised the world by making the little-known junior senator from Indiana his running mate. Stories about Quayle's academic record, his wealth, his alleged affair with Paula Parkinson, and his National Guard service portrayed the man who would be Vice President as a callow child of privilege. The coverage was partly Quayle's fault, partly Bush's, and very much the press's. Quayle did not help himself by cryptically telling NBC's Tom Brokaw that "phone calls were made" when asked about how he got into the National Guard. Bush, who never had a conversation with Quayle about the vice-presidency or the campaign before selecting him, failed to provide his running mate adequate staff help, and James Baker did him no favors in anonymous comments to reporters. As for the press, it of course went mad.

In his excellent recent book, *Feeding Frenzy: How Attack Journalism Has Transformed American Politics*,[1] Larry J. Sabato of the University of Virginia finds that, for nearly three weeks, coverage of the presidential campaign amounted to coverage of Quayle, the networks devoting from two-thirds to more than four-fifths of their evening-news campaign minutes to the vice-presidential candidate—almost all of it focusing on wealth, family connections, and charges of plagiarism, hardly any of it on the senator's public record. While the reporting on Quayle was not uniformly bad, as a whole it helped freeze an image of the man that has gone unchallenged until now.

Sabato argues that the press has an obligation to debunk any "persistent and debilitating rumor that may be unfairly inflicting great damage on a political figure." I agree. He mentions Ben Bradlee, who, while at *Newsweek*, demolished the 1962 rumor about John F. Kennedy's "prior marriage" to a twice-divorced socialite. (A good example, although, as Sabato points out, one cannot recommend the arrangement by which Kennedy got to read and approve the article before publication; I leave it to Dan Rather to describe that kind of journalism, which is well beyond the sweetheart stage.) Quayle, too, has been the victim, not just of rumors but of his image in the media. I'd expand the Sabato recommendation to say that the press is especially obligated to review the received wisdom and do, in Woodward's words, "a thorough job" on a public figure who is next in line to the presidency.

Woodward and Broder were not the first journalists to take this obligation seriously. On November 15, John Harwood of the *Wall Street Journal* wrote a profile in which he observed, "In many ways Dan Quayle never was the man the public thinks it knows." On December 2, James Gerstenzang and David Lauter of the *Los Angeles Times* wrote a lengthier piece entitled, "Quayle Set on Getting Last Laugh." Focusing on what the country would get if Quayle were someday President, Gerstenzang and Lauter wrote that Quayle is "a key player" on domestic policy, "a quick study" who has surrounded himself with "an energetic, intelligent staff," and who has "handled his official duties smoothly." He has demonstrated "ingenuity in creating instruments of power despite the inherent powerlessness of his own office."

The *Journal* and the *Times* may have been prodded to take their new looks at Quayle not only by the discovery last May of Bush's atrial fibrillation but also by what they—and the rest of Washington journalism—had known the *Post* was up to since last summer. But the *Post* series promises to be more influential,

[1] The Free Press, 306 pages, $22.95.

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mainly because of its Bigfoot authors. Woodward is probably the only print reporter in America with celebrity status, and Broder is regarded within the business as one of its few sages. Though no different in tone or conclusions from the earlier reconsiderations, it is *their* work that drew the fusillade from Rather. And it is *their* book that Simon and Schuster (the official publisher of *Post* writers, to judge by recent offerings) will publish in March. If Quayle begins to be taken more seriously, Woodward and Broder will have contributed mightily.

I hope that the book is better than the series. The articles weren't bad, but forty thousand words was at least a third too long for a newspaper. Has the *Post* or any other newspaper ever devoted that amount of copy to anyone else, even a President? Many sections could have been boiled down. The seven parts should have been no more than four or five. The copy on Quayle's golf game could have been saved for the book; the same is true of the sidebar, "Quayles and Bushes, Almost Like Family." The one part on Marilyn Quayle could have been sent to the Style section. Having invested so much time and effort in the project, Woodward and Broder may have felt obliged to write all they had (notwithstanding their failure to find any bombshell). But *Post* editors should have bound the Bigfeet.

Second, despite its claims, the series wasn't thorough enough. Left unaddressed, for example, were the Parkinson rumor of 1988 and the drug use charge made by a federal prisoner in 1988 and given new life in recent "Doonesbury" frames. Sabato has shown both to be unfounded. In a series so ambitious as the *Post*'s, every single rumor and charge that contributed to the public image of Quayle deserved re-examination.

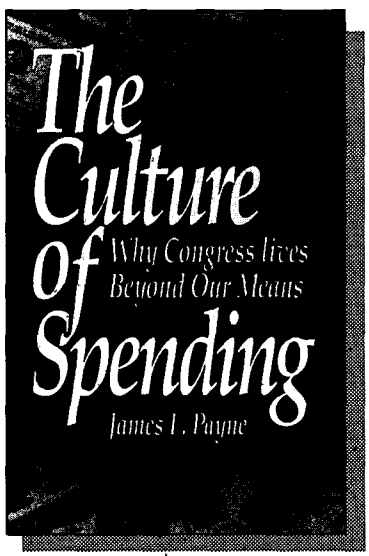
Third, the series was good on facts but sometimes short on analysis—a frequent failing in Woodward's work.[2] The fifth installment treated Quayle's Competitiveness Council, whose "real role," according to Woodward and Broder, "is much larger than even its critics imagine." But the impact of the council is much less than the authors imagine; Quayle and his aides have done mighty work in trying to prevent "regulatory creep," but there is only so much the Vice President's office can do unless you also have good appointees at the regulatory agencies. As all the world knows by now, under George Bush the executive branch is spewing out new regulations at a pace unmatched since the 1970s. By holding their magnifying glass so close to Quayle, Woodward and Broder are blind to the larger picture.

Finally, the series failed to give chapter and verse of "the sloppy journalism" they aimed to correct. The only sloppy news organization cited is *Newsweek*, the *Post*'s corporate cousin, which said Quayle's net worth was $50 million—about fifty times what it really is. But Broder contributed his own bit: it was he and Helen Dewar who wrote, on August 17, 1988, that Quayle "is vastly wealthier than Bush, and stands to inherit a large share of a fortune worth hundreds of millions of dollars."

It is a mistake, however—and one committed by a *Washington Times* eager to see a case of the *Post* versus the *Post*—to regard the Quayle series as a "cleverly disguised 'correction'" of its own work. Jack Shafer, editor of Washington's weekly *City Paper*, points out that Woodward and Broder do not challenge in any substantive way the *Post*'s original (1988) reporting on how Quayle got into the National Guard or on his academic record. And while they do take on the plagiarism charge, that issue was raised not by the *Post* but by the *Wall Street Journal*.

It is to Sabato's book that one must turn to find out which other news organizations also got it wrong on Quayle in 1988 (ABC, NBC, and CBS, for starters). Too bad Woodward and Broder don't give this info. The press so often becomes central in a story—as in the making of the Quayle image—that to omit specifics about which newspaper or network once did what to whom and when is to fail to do the story justice. I'm all for new-level journalism, but this form will not have arrived until it gives the news business the same scrutiny it gives everything else. ❐

[2] See my discussion of Woodward's latest book *The Commanders* (*TAS*, July 1991).



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"Democrats"

by Cathy Young

Is there anything left to add to the obituaries for the Soviet Union? It's too bad the Yeltsin people didn't stick with the original plan of lowering the Soviet flag over the Kremlin at midnight, December 31. There was a Kremlin New Year's Eve bash scheduled for that night, and I mentally drew a cartoon: Gorby as Cinderella being told by a fairy godmother (a Karl Marx lookalike?), "Remember, Gorby, when the clock strikes twelve, your tuxedo will turn into a baggy Soviet suit and your limousine will become a sputtering Moskvich."

As might be expected, the American media had a few final gorbasms,[1] the most rapturous of these being Pete Hamill's *New York Post* column of December 26, calling Gorby "the single greatest public man on the planet in the second half of the century. No one else even comes close." (Why only the *second* half?) Stephen F. Cohen, the Gorbophile Sovietologist, haunted the talk shows with knitted brow and worried gaze. He noted that Yeltsin was nothing but an ex-Communist (as opposed to Gorbachev?), as well as an authoritarian who would muzzle the Russian press (so it wasn't Gorbachev who clamped down on Soviet TV and tried to have an editor fired for publishing a poll?), and that the new rulers in the ex-Soviet Union were after power, not freedom.

In a funny way, Cohen is right, for all the wrong reasons. People with no Communist or Gorbachevite sympathies to whom I spoke in Moscow were bitterly critical of the victorious democrats. Among them were Larissa Piyasheva, the hard-core free-market economist who is trying to privatize Moscow's trade and service sector as an assistant to Mayor Gavriil Popov, and her acid-tongued husband and fellow economist Boris Pinsker.

"Most of our 'democrats,'" Pinsker complained, "are essentially hostile to private property and free pricing—they all swear loyalty to the market, but not here and not now—and their one essential quality is a passionate yearning for power." His wife, weary of battling "democratic" city leaders determined to block her program and substitute long-term leasing, remarked that all these ex-Communists had probably turned rebels "because they didn't have a big enough slice of the pie in the old system."

One might say that these two had an axe to grind; yet what they were saying rang true. It is a fact that the staff of the Moscow city government has doubled under the democrats; and Pinsker is not the only one to note that, at this time of galloping commercialization, the officials' control over the leasing and selling of real estate gives them vaster opportunities than their Brezhnev-era predecessors ever dreamed of.

Economist Vassily Selyunin, a curmudgeonly admirer of Milton Friedman who can hardly be accused of power lust, having declined a post at Moscow's city hall, was blunt about the foes of sweeping privatization: "They're making sure that for the next twenty years, they can take bribes and manhandle leaseholders." Lowering his voice to a near-whisper—surely not out of fear but perhaps because he didn't care to hear his own words—he added, "The democrats have turned out to be such damned leeches, they may be bigger thieves than the Communists."

Piyasheva and others, including the venerable historian and political commentator Leonid Batkin, a co-founder of the Democratic Russia coalition whose support helped Yeltsin and Popov get where they are,

[1] To ward off accusations of Bidenism, I hasten to add that the term originates with *Newsweek*.

Cathy Young, our regular Soviet Presswatch columnist, is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

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made the point that the new people at the top were not really new; they had all worked within the old system, though mostly in minor roles. St. Petersburg mayor Anatoly Sobchak was dean of a law school (not that innocent a position), and Popov held a post at the Communist party's central committee before becoming chairman of the economics department at Moscow University. Democrats with a less compromised background were willing to forgive these reformed Communists the sins of the past as long as the *un*reformed Communists were in power; that may be changing.

Batkin and others spoke of the emergence of a new "party of power," which has a structure in the Democratic Reform Movement founded last spring by Gorbachev's right-hand man Eduard Shevardnadze and joined by Popov, Sobchak, and then-vice presidential candidate Aleksandr Rutskoi. "The DRM," said Batkin, "is a mix of the old Gorbachev nomenklatura—its more progressive wing—and the new people in power. They speak of radical reform, but what unites them is the desire to retain many elements of the old socialist system, mixed with quasi-capitalist features." Lest the Pete Hamills of the world get all choked up, the socialism they have in mind has less to do with protecting the poor than with protecting privilege—a cozy union of the new big business (run by the old nomenklatura) and the new big government (with plenty of old officials in it). For example, Yuri Luzhkov, deputy mayor of Moscow and head of the municipal government—the man who some say really controls the city—headed the Moscow Agro-Industrial Committee of the old, Communist Moscow City Council.

Yet none of the disillusioned radicals I spoke to were giving up on Yeltsin, even though he had held a far higher post under the old Soviet system than anyone else among the new people in power. He is seen as willing to learn and to listen—and as sincere. (One should add that, for all the talk of Yeltsin being less democratic than Gorbachev, some of Yeltsin's more dubious decrees have been overturned by the Russian parliament or by the courts; that never happened to Gorby.) It is likely that the radicals cannot afford to criticize Yeltsin, since there seems no alternative to his leadership. And the threat of a new reactionary onslaught, though under a more imperial than Communist guise, is still very much on people's minds.

Their fears are embodied in the bizarre persona of Vladimir Zhirinovsky, head of the "Liberal Democratic Party" founded in spring 1990, whose connection to the KGB is not in doubt. At a time when the Soviet regime was hardly hospitable to new parties, the tiny LDP was allowed to hold its first press conference—prominently featured on the very official *Vremya*—at the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. The fortyish, macho Zhirinovsky ran against Yeltsin in the 1991 race for the Russian presidency, on a platform that included cutting the price of vodka and abolishing all republics to restore the pre-1917 Russian empire—Finland included.

But Zhirinovsky's act is more complicated, as the name of his party indicates. He denounces Communism and insists that he is a supporter of the free market and civil liberties. A lawyer (who reportedly got in trouble for graft in the early 1980s), he talks about reforming the Russian legal system in accordance with international norms. At a press conference/meeting last December, he spoke in favor of abolishing the death penalty—a surprising statement given the working-class, authoritarian-minded audience to which he appeals.

Fortunately, Zhirinovsky shifts gears so rapidly that no one can be fooled for more than a few minutes. He declared that if the West continued to support the independence of republics, Russia would retaliate by supporting violent separatist groups in Canada, Spain, and Northern Ireland, and that as president he would restore the ruble to equivalency with the dollar overnight by "selling lots of weapons to whoever wants to buy." Asked about his attitude toward the Jews, he stated that while he was no anti-Semite, it was an unfortunate fact that slanderous articles about him were always signed by Jewish names and that Russian Jews were generally not very loyal to Russia.[2]

Just how much of a following does he have? He did get seven percent of the vote in last June's election, though at least part of that came from such places as KGB training academies. I did run into two real live Zhirinovsky voters: a silly, well-intentioned young woman who had fallen for his "liberal democratic" platform, and an intellectual who despised Yeltsin as an ex-Communist and cast a protest vote for Zhirinovsky.

The movie theater where Zhirinovsky spoke in December was packed, but judging by audience response most people seemed to be there out of curiosity and for laughs. Zhirinovsky's swagger indeed borders on self-parody. (On Western ambassadors to the Baltic republics he intends to abolish: "They're going to leave the same way they came." On his opponents looking for dirt: "They can't say I'm an addict. Or a pervert. I have normal sexual relations. I have them a lot, but in a perfectly normal way.")

But that doesn't mean Zhirinovsky is not scary. His following can be expected to increase if, as seems inevitable, economic hardships outlast the winter. The formal dismantling of the Communist party and the KGB apparently has not affected the sources of his funding. And there is always the military. On December 7, the Moscow evening news showed a Zhirinovsky-led rally demanding the release of the jailed coup plotters. The rather small rally was accompanied by a Soviet Army marching band. ❐

[2] What makes this especially piquant is that Zhirinovsky is widely believed to be of Jewish background; Jewish activists in Moscow told me he had tried to get involved in one of their groups in 1989.

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Feel So Bad

by James Bowman

Like most readers of this journal, I believe in free markets. And that goes for the movies too. In return for your six dollars, they will give you all the escapist comedy or inspirational drama or simulated sex and violence that you want, and this is as it should be. Yet all but the most dedicated philistines recognize that there is something more to it than that: there are great films that don't make money and there is meretricious trash that enjoys big commercial success. Sometimes people want things that are not good for them.

Maybe, indeed, they are not good for the rest of us either. We ban certain drugs because we believe that they have an effect upon the social fabric that goes well beyond an individual's taste for powdered suicide. *Rush*, a new film by Lili Fini Zanuck, offers a harrowing portrayal of what drugs can do by contagion, as it were—or, depending on how you look at it, of what happens when you ban them. I confess, however, that if I were dictator I would be much more tempted to ban movies like *Fried Green Tomatoes* and to lock up the sort of people who go to them in order to feel good about themselves and the world.

Bogus uplift is what I object to. It is a kind of drug, and in my darker moods I suspect that it is as dangerous to the social fabric as the kinds of drugs we lock people up for using and selling. In fact it may be more dangerous, because no shame attaches to it. People don't brand themselves as social misfits by shooting up pure sentiment, and the deforming effect it must have upon their souls is not as obvious as the physical ravages of heroin or cocaine after long use. Yet if you take *Fried Green Tomatoes* in its concentrated, two-hour-and-twenty-minute dose, the spiritual devastation it can wreak makes heroin look like Turkish delight.

Pick your feel-good image and, chances are, *FGT* has got it. You want tough and funny women? You want the good people feeding the hungry poor and helping the disabled while they have a wonderful time fighting off racism, sexism, ageism, sizeism, ableism, menopause, false charges of murder and, at last and unsuccessfully, cancer? You want the bad guy to be a wife-beater? What the hell, make him a Ku Klux Klansman as well, just so that you can be sure that he's *really* bad. Add lots of submissive, 1930s-style black folks and cute children and lovable village eccentrics to give you that warm feeling of folksy Southern authenticity and you've got the Acapulco gold of sentimentality.

This is called laying it on with a trowel, and we should be grateful to Fannie Flagg, who wrote the story, and Jon Avnet, the director and co-author of the screenplay, for making it so easy to spot the fakery. Even such good actresses as Kathy Bates and Jessica Tandy look like fakes in this vehicle. All art is fakery, of course, but great art gives the illusion of reality. *Fried Green Tomatoes* is at the opposite extreme from great art. Let's admit, for the sake of argument, that the things it celebrates as good really are good and that its message (about how "the most important thing in life is friendship") is a true message. If you then proceed, as this film does, to invent characters and a story merely to illustrate that message, you destroy an essential part of the artistic illusion.

In other words, characters before meaning. If you start with the meaning and then work backwards to the characters which will demonstrate it you are creating sermons and not art. Fannie Flagg may be right about friendship and the empowerment of women and all the rest of the opinions she holds, but she cannot convince me of that just because she is able to invent characters who illustrate the thesis. I could invent characters to prove the thesis that friendship is worthless and that women ought to be chattels, but that does not produce any moral authority for my point of view.

What is true of *Fried Green Tomatoes* is also true of *Grand Canyon*, although the latter is much more subtle about it. By that I mean that its director, Lawrence Kasdan, at least does not feel that he has to persuade us that wife-beating and the KKK are bad and that self-confident women and feeding the starving are good. Instead, as he told the *New York Times*, he wants to raise questions about "what kind of personal values to adhere to in deteriorating cities, and how to cope with constant jeopardy, the fragility of relationships and, for that matter, life." He is defensive about the "pretentiousness" of such questions, but the problem is not that they are pretentious. It is that they are allowed to become more important than the dramatic situation or the characters.

Actually, he is quite successful in conveying a sense of the constant menace just below the surface of upper-middle-class urban life, and the portrait of the producer (supposedly based on Joel Silver) of films of exploitative violence, played by Steve Martin, is amusing. But even though you would certainly do no worse to take Lawrence Kasdan than

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Fannie Flagg as your guide to living, both are more concerned with producing such a guide than they are with the lives of their characters, whom a real artist would love for their own sake. By the end of the film, as they all gather at the Grand Canyon, that symbolic precipice on the edge of which they have been living for years, they decide that life is worth living after all: "I think it's not all bad," says the main puppet.

Correction: Kasdan thinks it's not all bad, and you, chum, are just his pathetic little mouthpiece. Why should we care what either one of you has to say about a subject as big as this unless you have established through the drama your right to speak of it? It is the pernicious legacy of psychoanalysis that everybody's feelings about life are worth our listening to just because they exist—or don't exist, as the case may be. Fictional characters, unlike our loved ones or clients, have to earn their right to a hearing by being interesting in some other way—and being in therapy is not interesting enough.

That is the lesson of Barbra Streisand's *Prince of Tides*. The childhood trauma that lurks in the background of the Wingo family has hardly any dramatic weight at all except insofar as it is the provocation for the defense mechanisms that the family has developed over the years to cover it up. Miss Streisand herself, together with her legs, plays the caring psychoanalyst who breaks down the defenses of Tom Wingo (Nick Nolte) and then falls in love with him. "Feel your pain, Tom," she says, "It's OK to feel it. Just let it go. You have so much to cry about, don't you?"

No he doesn't, cries my irrepressible disbelief; he's only an actor pretending to have a lot to cry about. What Eliot called the "objective correlative"—the dramatic justification for that pain—is missing. Telling us what it is is not enough; we have to live it with him. Yet it seems that audiences are shirking their responsibility to demand that kind of artistic integrity because they want to feel themselves feel, and they accept even this schlock, factitious feeling as an excuse to pull out the old hankies. They don't recognize how spiritually dangerous that cheap high is.

Wim Wenders, in his extraordinary new film called *Until the End of the World*, does. It goes on for too long and is too ambitious, it's true, but you've got to love his metaphors. Max von Sydow plays a fugitive scientist who has invented a wonderful machine that enables blind people to see by recording in a sighted person the biochemical act of seeing a particular videotaped image, which can then be "seen" by the blind person, in this case his wife (Jeanne Moreau), by reproducing that chemistry in her.

Most of the best part of the film, which is set in 1999, is taken up with an absurdist chase across the world as a nuclear satellite that may explode at any moment circles the globe. Von Sydow's son (William Hurt) has his fake vision machine and is using it to record interviews with relatives, most of whom his mother has never seen. He is being pursued by a couple of detectives who are bounty hunters for the U.S. government, which claims to own the machine be-

cause it was developed under its research auspices, and by a pretty woman (Solveig Dommartin) from whom he has stolen some stolen money that she was transporting and who proceeds to fall in love with him.

When all the characters end up in Australia with the scientist, his wife, and a bunch of aboriginal technicians, things bog down a little, but there is one very striking passage in which the scientist develops his machine a little further so that it can record dreams. Both Solveig Dommartin and William Hurt get hooked on watching their own dreams, and the extent to which this "disease of images" resembles an addiction is well brought out. In effect, that addiction is like addiction to sentiment or to heroin: it traps its victim inside himself. This terrible self-fascination has to be broken cold turkey by Miss Dommartin, who ends the film with the job of watching the earth from a space station while Hurt takes to the hills with his dream recorder. We are left to wonder whether complete absorption within the self or complete physical detachment from the earth is the worse fate. Certainly the two are closely akin.

It is a terrific picture that I heartily recommend, but because its two halves really don't have very much to do with one another, I reserve the accolade of Film of the Month for Mike Leigh's *Life is Sweet*. The title suggests that we are dealing here with yet another feel-good movie and to an extent that is true. What sets it apart from the others, however, is the fact that the good feeling, when it comes, is a small one, justified by the situation; it bears an ironic relation to the grandiose title—which also recalls Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*) and one of the main characters' addiction to chocolate. For here it is the characters and not the feeling or the message that drive the film and produce all the dramatic energy.

This is all the more remarkable because there is virtually no plot. Andy (Jim Broadbent) buys a snack trailer for too much money from a drunken friend, and his wife, Wendy (Alison Steadman), helps another friend open a pseudo-French restaurant that serves such revolting dishes as prune quiche and pork cyst, king prawns in jam and duck *au chocolat*. Both of them have to cope with their grown twin daughters who still live at home: one (Claire Skinner) has become a plumber and the other (Jane Horrocks) has retreated from the world to shout radical and feminist slogans with comic inappropriateness and to gorge herself on chocolate while the rest of the family is asleep.

That's about it. But each character is so perfectly realized that our interest never flags; the comedy of a just slightly heightened version of ordinary life is so beautifully rendered that even a little uplift in Wendy's climactic speech to her troglodytic daughter—about what love means, about getting on with and making the best of lives that are far from perfect—seems natural and appropriate. If you want to feel good about yourself, this is about as good as you should allow yourself to feel if you don't want to get hooked on the narcissistic rush. ❐

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THE END OF HISTORY AND THE LAST MAN

Francis Fukuyama

The Free Press/418 pages/$24.95

reviewed by AMBROSE EVANS-PRITCHARD

"Mindless" and "hopelessly naive" were the words used to describe the theories of Francis Fukuyama at a recent meeting of the Constitutional Club here in London. The characterizations were unfair, of course, but it has to be said that Fukuyama invited his fair share of invective when he published his seminal article "The End of History?" suggesting that democratic capitalism, as a motivating idea, had won a permanent victory over all forms of mass enthusiasm and organized evil. Such triumphalism, almost Marxist in character, was bound to offend conservatives, for it goes against the deepest instincts of Tory pessimism. The article was superb, in both senses of the word, but it was flawed because it did not explain convincingly why History should, necessarily, be going anywhere, why there should be progress, direction, or improvement of any kind, instead of the usual cyclical relapse into violence and nastiness.

Fukuyama's great mentor, Hegel, also had difficulty answering this question, but supplemented argument with religious faith. Ultimately, Hegel always fell back on his metaphysical premise that History was the life of God, that God realized Himself through man's journey from slave to self-conscious moral being. Fukuyama, by contrast, does not rely on God to carry him through. He uses hard empirical reasoning, without recourse to faith, to advance his claim that History is going somewhere. It is a more difficult challenge than Hegel's theodicy, and Fukuyama did not quite pull it off in his 1989 article in the *National Interest*. He offered a snapshot of the world taken at a moment when the liberal idea was enjoying a second wind after an interlude of defeatism. He failed to supply a motive force of Universal History.

Two years later, Fukuyama has produced a work of magisterial breadth that cannot be dismissed so easily. I must confess that I suspected the book, *The End of History and the Last Man*, would be a padded amplification of his 1989 article, an attempt to cash in on celebrity. In fact, it is a whole new departure. His article merely asked the question whether or not History had come to an end. His book, on the other hand, includes no question mark in the title. It tries to explain *why* History has ended and *why* liberal democracy was ultimately destined to prevail. He does it with great skill. Indeed, to my Anglo-Saxon taste, he does it better than Hegel himself.

Above all, Fukuyama has identified the motive force of History. It is the ever-growing body of scientific knowledge, the product of Man's irrepressible desire to fashion his natural surroundings to his advantage. Earlier civilizations, notably the Roman Empire, may have lost their science and technology, regressing to a more primitive state as a result of incursions and conquest by warlike tribes. But Fukuyama argues that this cannot happen again. The cyclical chain, if it ever really existed, has been broken forever. The knowledge accumulated without interruption over the last 600 years is now vast, easily accessible, and widely understood. Not even a cataclysmic war could destroy it permanently, unless all humanity were destroyed with it. Nor are there any barbarians at the gates in the late twentieth century. Virtually the entire world belongs to a single scientific community. Those that choose to reject it, perhaps for obscurantist religious reasons, necessarily forfeit the military capability required to annihilate it. History, therefore, cannot revert. Science has imposed a direction on Mankind.

The question is what direction. Fukuyama argues that the progress of science leads ineluctably to the free-market economy. Apart from the obvious point that Communism stifles innovation, saps the work ethic, invites corruption on a colossal scale, and drives everybody to drink and despair, the system cannot sustain a high-tech economy, which requires a large chunk of the population, as opposed to a tiny elite, to think for itself. Even if it could work culturally, it could not work economically because there is no price mechanism to send signals to producers and consumers. The state sets the price of everything, arbitrarily, without understanding the cost of anything, and twists itself into ever greater knots as production moves from a few dinosaur industries like iron and steel to the diversified production of consumer goods. Eventually, the whole system chokes in the tangled thicket of price distortion.

Fukuyama is surely correct in claiming, at this particular moment, that only a system of free prices is flexible enough to regulate the millions of different kinds of transactions of goods and services that take place daily in a modern, rich, high-tech society. But things can change with remarkable speed. In the middle of this century political scientists were still assuming that mass communications, which could be used for the purposes of propaganda and mind control, worked to the advantage of totalitarian regimes. At the time, perhaps, they were right. But events have since turned the argument upside down. It was the communications revolution that finished off the Stalinists. One wonders whether technology might not prove a fickle ally in the future as the

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pendulum swings back again. It does not seem farfetched to imagine that computer software could come to the rescue of dirigiste ideology one day. It would be folly for conservatives to suppose that statists, thick on the ground and ever zealous, have resigned themselves to permanent defeat. Alas, the planning urge is irrepressible.

From the shaky premise that the free market is inevitable, Fukuyama goes on to argue that this in turn ensures evolution toward liberal democracy. The diffusion of economic power deprives the ruling party of economic patronage—the control over access to jobs, trading licenses, houses, cars, and even food—that has always been the mainstay of party power, not only in the Soviet bloc but also in scores of Third World regimes of the mercantilist or monopoly variety. Further, free-market development, whether in Chile, South Korea, or Turkey, creates an educated middle class that tends to demand political representation. For a while this pressure can be resisted, but in the end the political elite itself begins to question its own legitimacy and loses the will to maintain power by repressive means.

All this is highly persuasive *at the moment*, but again Fukuyama is relying too much on his snapshot of the world in 1991. Certainly, the number of countries joining the democratic club is increasing all the time, and it has spread well beyond Christendom, debunking the hoary notion of the left that free-market democracy is a "Western" phenomenon of little relevance to other cultures, that it would be "ethnocentric" to try to export it. Nor is there any rival to the liberal idea in the world today. There are particularist ideologies, such as Islamic fundamentalism, which may arouse tremendous passion, but they do not have universal appeal. Whether they like it or not, authoritarian regimes have to pay lip-service to the principles of liberal democracy because they are unable to find any other credible source of legitimacy. No other idea will wash these days.

But will this continue to be the case? I suspect that fascism will return to curse the world again. Fukuyama dismisses the totalitarian nightmare of the mid-twentieth century as a disease of transition, or as he puts it, "a pathological condition arising out of the special political and social requirements of countries at a certain stage of socio-economic development." This is the most cavalier passage in the book. The German infatuation with Hitler is surely the paramount invalidation of his whole thesis, for Germany was perhaps the best educated country in the world in the inter-war years and it had enjoyed a considerable tradition of democracy, partial under the Kaisers and total under Weimar. The Germans voted for Nazism, knowing full well that it was a movement of hate. If they could go berserk, and commit the worst crimes in the annals of history, there can be no such thing as moral progress.

Yet Fukuyama skates through this question with a few loose observations about European history, noting at one point that "the two Western European countries to invent fascist ultranationalism, Italy and Germany, were also the last to industrialize and to unify politically." In fact, parts of Germany were already industrialized by the mid-nineteenth century. He also advances the half-truth that nationalism is a nineteenth-century aberration without deep roots in the human psyche. One only has to read Shakespeare—"Now all the youth of England are on fire"—or Petrarch on Italy, or indeed Julius Caesar on the Alemani, to appreciate the antiquity of nationalist fervor in Europe, or look at the ascendant neo-fascist youth movements on the same soil today, to appreciate its eternal appeal. Clearly, people have always felt a sense of loyalty to some kind of community. It may be religious, ideological, or strictly national, but the willingness to fight and kill for it has been one of the constants of history. Even if the European Community succeeds in overcoming rivalries between European states, which is extremely doubtful (indeed, it may aggravate tensions, because it provides no airspace between the tribes), it would not prevent the development of continental cultural blocs in opposition to each other, say Europe against East Asia, which could prove equally dangerous in the long run.

I suspect that, deep down, Fukuyama does not really trust History. He knows it can strike with lightning speed, when we least expect it, and demolish sanity. That is why he turns to Hegelian philo-babble instead. Drawing on Hegel's dialectical

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process, he argues that all forms of hierarchical government have inherent contradictions, or defects, and therefore contain the seeds of their own destruction. Liberal democracy, on the other hand, resolves all contradictions, and though it may not yet be perfectly implemented, it cannot be improved upon as an idea. This is fine if you happen to believe that the dialectical process is a sacred doctrine. For those of us who are not Hegelians, that is to say for those of us who never succumbed to the charms of the thesis-antithesis-synthesis schema, it all sounds very silly indeed. In any case, there is an inconsistency in the Hegelian argument that Fukuyama employs. According to Hegel, man's willingness to risk his life for the sake of honor—or "recognition," as he puts it—is what distinguishes us from animals. Only liberal democracy can satisfy this passion for recognition, for it is the only system that respects the intrinsic worth of each man. But as Fukuyama himself acknowledges, the passion for exalted honor and status can easily get out of hand. There is nothing democratic about it. On the contrary, it is more likely to feed the ambitions of a tyrant, and as a matter of historical fact it frequently does.

But let us assume that the great nations all establish enduring democracies: Can we therefore conclude that the world will be a peaceful place, safely beyond the reach of History? Fukuyama says we can. But hitherto, the democracies have tended to fight on the same side because they were facing a threat from fascism or Communism. Will they show the same cohesion when there is no external threat? Not enough democracies have been around long enough to test that proposition. Furthermore, it needs to be repeated that Germany was not an autocracy in 1914. There were democratic elements in Wilhelmine society, and they were far from pacifist.

Ultimately, though, if all else fails to prevent the end of History, we can be sure that liberal society itself, rotting from within, will keep the process going. The evidence of decay is all around us: in a depraved urban subculture, encouraged by state subsidies to behave in a self-destructive way and to reproduce itself at a faster rate than better adjusted, more productive members of society. This modern phenomenon of the underclass is not to be confused with poverty. No such thing exists, or could exist, in the cities of poor countries. Calcutta, Mexico City, and Cairo may have destitute quarters where life is rough, but they do not harbor castes in which moral values have collapsed. It takes affluence to provide the resources needed to create a large, dependent, alienated underclass.

The bourgeoisie, too, shows signs of decay. It does not breed enough. In countries like France and Italy, where the population is falling, the gene pool of talent is literally extinguishing itself. In America, the middle classes have lost their reverence for education, whatever they may say to the contrary. The evidence is simple: they are willing to tolerate schools that do not raise children to a standard sufficient to maintain an advanced liberal democracy in the long run. Nor are they free from general moral collapse. It is extremely doubtful that a society once held together by custom conscience, prejudice, and religious values can be regulated by government alone. But this is the trend in America and increasingly in Europe. Litigation is out of control. It has reached the point where it seriously hampers the functioning of a market economy. Commercial contracts, which used to be upheld by codes of honor and trust, are now enforced by little more than law. It is a system that is not only cumbersome and expensive, but does not even work. The ignominious fraud-ridden collapse of Lloyds of London, a venerable institution that has traded profitably for more than 300 years, is a triumph of lawyers over gentlemen.

Perhaps the Western world will recover from its moral disease. After all, there have been bad times before. The fomenters of vexatious litigation took over the government of France in 1789, inspiring Burke, tearful, nostalgic, soaked in claret, to write the words we all know so well: "The age of chivalry is gone, and that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." In hindsight, he was premature. But not, I think, wrong. Today his prophecy is correct in every particular. Chivalry is in short supply. So is virtue. So is respect. So is loyalty. It is an arid place, this liberal world of ours, where families form and break according to convenience, where the elderly are sent away to end their years in nursing homes. Arid, desiccated, and brittle. ❐

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EDWINA MOUNTBATTEN: A LIFE OF HER OWN

Janet Morgan

Charles Scribner's Sons/489 pages/$22.95

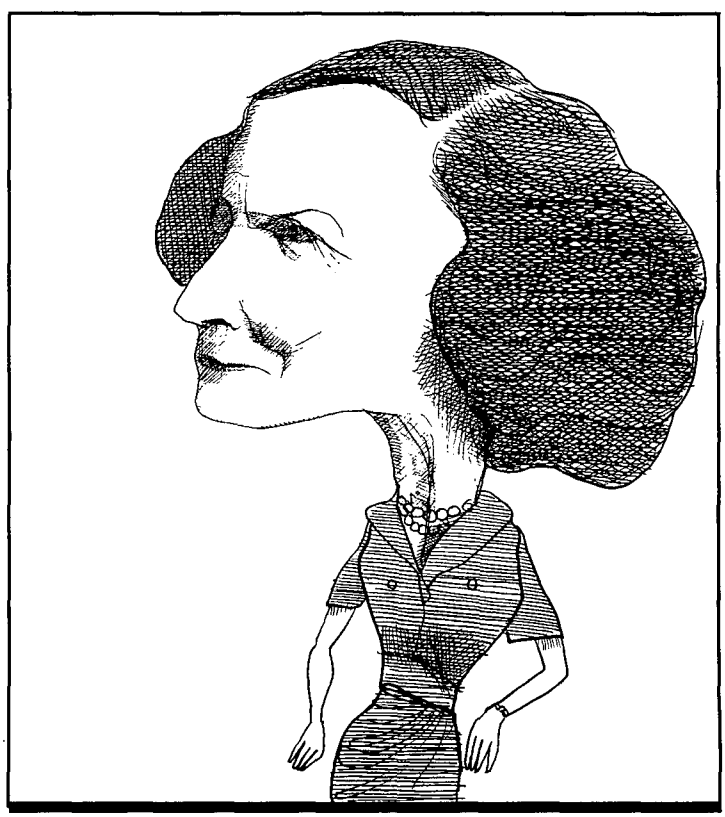
reviewed by ARAM BAKSHIAN, JR.

The idle rich are bad enough, but they pale by comparison to the hyperactive rich. Even aside from their insufferable obtrusiveness, the hyperactive rich do a hell of a lot more harm than their quiescent cousins. Consider Edwina Mountbatten: had she spent the balance of her adult life as she began it—as a spoiled, self-indulgent society beauty with a few minor neuroses and a keen appetite for adultery—no one would have been the worse for it. Certainly no one outside her own circle of equally spoiled Jazz Age sybarites, none of whom would have been missed. Instead, driven perhaps by the boredom inherent in marriage to one of the most self-absorbed, oblivious stuffed-shirts of the century, Edwina reached out and tried to live a meaningful life. She really should have stayed in bed . . . where she was so much more at home.

True, in her attempts to raise her own civic consciousness, Edwina Mountbatten did perform a few genuinely good works, especially in volunteer nursing and refugee assistance. But one must remember that her husband's dubious handiwork as a commander during World War II, and as imperial tribune afterwards, kept her well supplied with wounded and displaced persons.

Whatever Edwina's good works, they were more than overbalanced by her own and her husband's incredibly smug, bungled performance as the last Viceroy and Vicereine of British India. With the cool command and steady self-assurance of those to the manor born, the Mountbattens managed to make a bad situation even worse. But they did so with such aplomb that they exited, albeit over a carpet of corpses, to nearly universal applause. If any proof were needed of Labour Prime Minister Clement Attlee's political cunning, the choice of this fashionable aristocratic couple to cover Britain's headlong retreat from Empire provides it. The fact that it added to the suffering of the ruled and further stained the honor of the rulers is a matter of history; in no way does it diminish the political astuteness of the move.

At times, statesmanship spills over into soap opera. Edwina's headlong infatuation with Jawaharlal Nehru was the talk of British India while it was going on and has since been substantiated by published diaries, correspondence, and the recollections of eyewitnesses. Whether it was carnal or merely gooey, this affair hopelessly prejudiced the atmosphere of the talks that led up to partition. Edwina's enthusiasm for Nehru and her sway over her husband further convinced Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the prickly leader of the Muslim League, that justice was not to be had and that a separate homeland, Pakistan, was the only answer for Indian Muslims. Whether or not he was right at the time, most of India's surviving Muslim minority has indeed been consigned to second-class political and economic status in an India dominated by the Congress party. The party, in turn, remains the virtual monopoly of upper-caste Hindus who, even when not religious, often harbor lingering resentment against a Muslim minority that conquered India under the Moghuls and played a role disproportionate to its numbers in the British Indian Army.



But never fear: readers will not be troubled unduly with discussions of such issues in Janet Morgan's new biography of Edwina Mountbatten. Affairs of the boudoir take precedence over affairs of state; parties, weddings, wardrobes, and royal and society gossip predominate. Still, there is the occasional revelation. For the sort of person interested in learning that the young Dickie Mountbatten nicknamed his future wife's breasts "Mutt and Jeff"—not, one hopes, due to disparate dimensions—Miss Morgan's lengthy but rather trivial book should prove rewarding reading.

It's all here . . . what there is of it, that is. Despite the subtitle "A Life of Her Own," Edwina Mountbatten's life was led very much in tandem

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with her husband's. The Mountbattens' joint existence—numerous adulteries aside—was one of those calculated, professionally bound affairs one often encounters with husband-and-wife team efforts in the baser arts and crafts (London composer-lyricists, Washington politician-hostess matches, and New York tycoon-socialites and agent-author Couples-from-Hell).

The Mountbatten marriage was a concoction of convenience, based on a joint thirst for fame and symbiotic rather than shared skills. Edwina had beauty and money, but was the granddaughter of a German-born millionaire of Jewish ancestry, Sir Ernest Cassel; whenever she did something shocking or slightly louche in later life, "people would observe that she was, after all, only partly English." Dickie was the scion of a European princely house with long bloodlines and short pockets. His close ancestral and personal ties to the House of Windsor guaranteed him a leg up at court and in military circles, once he could meet expenses. Because of his high hopes and pinched circumstances, the marriage converted Edwina from his fiancée to his financier, as one of Dickie's most heartfelt—and transparent—expressions of early marital affection bears out. Without Edwina's help, he gratefully acknowledged, he "would have no polo ponies."

Appropriately, they spent part of their honeymoon in Hollywood and, not surprisingly, Edwina soon sought consolation in the arms of a succession of more ardent lovers, while continuing to bankroll Dickie's career in the Royal Navy . . . along with numerous, oft-wrecked Rolls-Royces, yachts, and other costly goodies. Dickie seems to have driven with the same reckless abandon he later demonstrated when sending men into battle; the Mountbattens' peacetime motoring is a gory chronicle of overturned pig carts and squashed dogs on the Continent, and bus collisions in Knightsbridge back in London.

The more closely one studies this shiny, shallow couple, the less there is to make of them. In fairness to Edwina, she at least emerges as less of a snob and poseur than her husband. When, in later life, she took on real humanitarian and charitable responsibilities, for example, she never sought publicity, and devoted her considerable energies and not inconsiderable pushiness to achieving results. Dickie, on the other hand, always kept at least one eye on the galleries.

Thus, when Edwina died suddenly, of heart failure, in 1960, he was genuinely grief-stricken. Within twenty-four hours of her death, however, he gloated in his diary over the "fantastic BBC, TV and newspaper coverage," and hundreds of "telegrams and letters from Presidents, Kings, Prime Ministers, Ambassadors, Commanders-in-Chief and organizations." Vice Admiral Manley Power, one of Mountbatten's last commanding officers, later reminisced that "I found him an endless source of entertainment with his peacock mountebankery which kept popping up at unexpected moments in sharp contrast to his normal sane and statesmanlike person."

One suspects that Edwina felt much the same way. Marriage to such a man precluded a full "life of her own," but his very superficiality left her enough space on the margin to prove herself a deeper, potentially more interesting person than her exploded (in the end, quite literally, thanks to IRA terrorists) myth of a husband. ❐

THE JORDAN RULES: THE INSIDE STORY OF A TURBULENT SEASON WITH MICHAEL JORDAN AND THE CHICAGO BULLS

Sam Smith

Simon and Schuster/333 pages/$22

reviewed by FRED BARNES

Phil Jackson, the coach of the Chicago Bulls, is a sixties person. He's liberal, an admirer of Native American culture, antiwar. Desert Storm got to him. He desperately wanted to vent his feelings against the war, but not in public. He decided his team—ten blacks, two whites—was the only forum left to him. So he raised the issue at a practice one afternoon as American ground troops raced through Kuwait and on to Iraq. "Who wants the troops to go into Baghdad and go after Hussein?" he asked. Most of the players were all for it, especially the stars of the team, Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen, and Horace Grant. A backup player, Craig Hodges, a Muslim, was strongly opposed. Jackson wound up lecturing his players, insisting the war would leave a residue of anti-Americanism with Iraqis. It might spur terrorism, he said. The Sears Tower in downtown Chicago might be blown up, killing thousands.

I mention this anecdote because it was exactly the kind of tidbit I was looking for in *The Jordan Rules*, a riveting account of a professional basketball team's championship season. Now, I know what you're thinking. What difference does it make how a bunch of basketball players and their coach felt about the Persian Gulf war? None, really. Except that it helps to flesh out the personality of a team that captured the nation's attention in 1991 by whipping Magic Johnson and the Los Angeles Lakers four games to one for the NBA title. That's what you want in a good sports book: the behind-the-scenes stuff, a peek at the private side of the players, their hobbies and politics and religion, the way they get along or don't. Of course, all these trivialities have to contribute to the larger theme, namely how the team won. And in *The Jordan Rules*, they do, which is why the book is a bestseller and deserves to be.

There's a name for books of this genre, a name my wife says is too vulgar to repeat. In any case, this one rises above the genre. I think

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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it's fair to compare *The Jordan Rules* with the campaign books that appear after every presidential race. Both cover a season of competition that culminates with a single winner. The difference is not only that *The Jordan Rules* explains more persuasively than most of the campaign chronicles (and I've read them all) how the winner was decided—it's that it does so more interestingly and with more understanding of the human heart.

Michael Jordan, the most exciting and arguably the best basketball player ever, is the central character in *The Jordan Rules*. The title has a double meaning. First, it refers to the rules of defense followed by the Detroit Pistons to stymie Jordan and defeat the Bulls—until 1991. The Pistons relied on Jordan to try to carry his team single-handedly and ignore his teammates. Their strategy was to lure him into the teeth of their defense, where even he couldn't score regularly. The second meaning was the special treatment the Bulls management gave their superstar, Jordan. If he wanted to skip practice by complaining he had the flu, he merely had to call and say so. When teammate John Paxson tried that, saying he'd been vomiting all night, he was required to come to practice and be checked by the team trainer.

Jordan, naturally, provides the tension in the Bulls' drama. When he arrived from the University of North Carolina in 1984, he instantly catapulted the Bulls to the upper reaches of the NBA. But not to the very top. He's "the player who was too good for his team's good," writes Sam Smith, who covers the Bulls for the *Chicago Tribune*. He played so hard in practices they "became disorganized because no one could stop or guard him." He was intolerant of his teammates, particularly the two budding young stars, Pippen and Grant. They had the talent, Jordan felt, but not the seriousness and will to play at his level. In games Jordan hogged the ball and his teammates seethed. Coach Jackson's task wasn't easy: to weave Jordan into "a coordinated, egalitarian team game and still win. He needed the team to win a game that Jordan didn't dominate."

In the end, Jordan preserved his dazzling individual skills and also played often enough within the team concept. In the second game against the Lakers, he made what has become known in basketball lore as The Layup. It was the best single shot I've ever seen. Jordan drove to the basket to dunk the ball with his right hand, saw a Laker leap out to block the shot, switched the ball to his left hand, and gently laid it off the backboard and into the basket—all while hanging in air for roughly three seconds. My 16-year-old daughter Sarah, no great basketball fan, happened by the television just as Jordan made this spectacular play. She was so captivated she watched the rest of the Bulls-Lakers series. The last game featured a different Jordan, just the one Jackson had yearned for. The crucial baskets were made by Paxson after Jordan attracted multiple defenders and flipped the ball to Paxson, wide open.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, winning teams, like winning campaigns,

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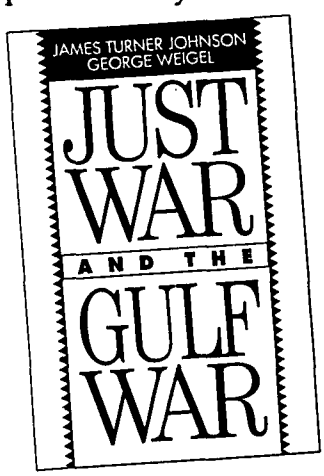

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aren't necessarily harmonious. The Bulls bickered all season. Jordan brooded for long stretches. Pippen wanted to renegotiate his contract. Stacy King wanted to be traded. The most likable player, Grant, feared the Bulls were grooming King to replace him. King's girlfriend taunted Grant's wife that King was "going to take your husband's job." King didn't. He was too fat and lazy.

Smith has loaded his book with great anecdotes. One involves talk-show host Arsenio Hall, an ardent Lakers fan. He sat near the Lakers' bench during one game, making fun of the Bulls and waving a Lakers jacket. The trouble was, the Bulls won. When the game ended, Bulls reserve Cliff Levingston stuck a finger at Hall and shouted, "In your face. In your face." Assistant Coach John Bach, a patriotic supporter of the Gulf War, grew just as mad when a game was preceded by a man whistling the National Anthem. "Although he stood at attention, it was clear he was growing angrier and angrier at the disrespect being shown. His eyes drilled holes in the whistler and his nostrils flared." Afterwards he sputtered, "I suppose they'll have five guys come out and fart it the next time."

Jackson is the closest thing to Jordan's co-star in the book. He sought to instill the team values he'd learned as a player with the champion New York Knicks of the late 1960s and early 1970s. "I spent four years in Washington, D.C., covering Congress and the White House," writes Smith, "and never met anyone as interesting. He was calm and smart and funny, and often with a distinctly left-handed view of things. And he was as engaging to be with at the end of the season as he was at the beginning."

Jackson knows trouble when he sees it. After a playoff game in New York, he spotted Jesse Jackson wandering into the Bulls' locker room. The reverend had the habit of calling Bulls players in their hotel rooms, and he tried to get close to Jordan. Jordan was wary but afraid of offending Jackson because of his clout in the black community. Coach Jackson wasn't afraid. "Only accredited media in the locker room, and that includes you, Jesse Jackson," the coach yelled. That you gotta like. ❐

ED SCHOOL FOLLIES: THE MISEDUCATION OF AMERICA'S TEACHERS

Rita Kramer

The Free Press/228 pages/$22.95

reviewed by JOHN R. DUNLAP

Since 1839, when Horace Mann founded the first "normal school"—so called because it established norms for prospective teachers—the number of teacher-training institutions in the United States has grown to more than twelve hundred. In the fall of 1988, Rita Kramer set out on a year-long national tour of fifteen of these institutions—public and private, urban and rural, religious and secular. From SUNY to Seattle, Kramer found "a striking degree of conformity about what is considered to be the business of schools and the job of teachers." In one school after another, the concentration was on social therapy rather than measurable learning. Instead of garnering useful techniques for imparting knowledge, the student-teachers were being exhorted to "foster life adjustment" and "cure a sick society."

There were, to be sure, scattered instances of good sense. At the University of Washington, Kramer sat through a class on the teaching of history in the elementary grades; the professor encouraged a genuinely critical habit of mind, pointing out specifically how textbooks change with the times (e.g., an emphasis of process over content was the rage in the 1970s, when the kids learned "no history, no geography") and how the teacher can select and supplement intelligently.

At Houston's predominantly black Texas Southern University, Kramer visited a methods class in which the professor and the students shared "none of the white liberals' illusions about the underclass." The concerns were practical: how to run a classroom without disruption, how to set a responsible example for troubled kids. Kramer also found many student-teachers—particularly those of "guilt-free" working-class background or the older ones returning to school after some experience of the world—indifferent or passively hostile to the ideological blandishments of their professors.

For all that, the bulk of what Kramer saw makes for pretty grim reading. Most of the students who attend the ed schools are, to put it kindly, not what you would call first- or even third-rate intellects, nor is there much interest in the gray matter among the administrative bureaucrats who do the hiring. "Most principals are interested in mediocrity," Kramer was told by an unusually bright teacher-trainee at Seattle Pacific University. "I'm going to act real mediocre in my interviews."

The professors, too, are largely New Age Grundies for whom the catch phrase "research shows" has replaced "the Bible says." By and large, the research alluded to can be expected to elucidate the trivial (research shows that unused computer stock makes good scrap paper for drawing), the obvious (research shows that children perform better when their parents are involved), or the politically motivated wrapped in the contradictory and the downright mendacious (research shows that standardized tests are "culturally biased," that class material should be less "content-oriented," that children need to be taught "multicultural perspectives" and "self-esteem" and "nonjudgmental attitudes"). Not surprisingly, much of this "research" is served up in the narcissistic jargon bequeathed by the human potential movement, itself part of what Kramer calls the "antinomian legacy of the 1960s."

Again and again, Kramer ran into the same brain-numbing philosophy that places more importance on personal ad-

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justment and social change than on concrete skills and personal discipline.

Despite the tedium, Kramer's visits were frequently rewarded by moments of unintended amusement. At the State University of New York, a professor asked her students whether a good "education person" should be a conformist or a nonconformist; in lockstep response the students called out, "*Non*conformist!" At Austin Peay State University in Nashville, a professor lectured interminably on the "bottom line": that a teacher should not make himself the center of attention by lecturing. At the University of Houston, a professor ran through a list of questions with predetermined answers regarding the teaching of art in elementary school; to the question of how a teacher can encourage creativity, the correct answer was "Not to expect predetermined answers." At Eastern Michigan University, a young professor whose lecture was peppered with Marxist clichés told her students to watch out for "ideological bias" in social science textbooks.

With these and many similar stories, the impression comes through that the teacher-training professoriate is disproportionately burdened by a solemn stupidity: here we have a class of people in whom the simple recognition of irony is totally absent. When you combine such obtuseness with the political clout of the National Education Association and the usual self-protective inertia of established institutions, the odds against decent reform, or even modest improvement, are formidable.

But the prospects are not entirely hopeless, and Kramer proposes three reforms that she believes can rescue America's ailing public education system from terminal inferiority.

First, on the time-honored principle that students do better when they're expected to, standards have to be raised—not just in the education schools, but all the way from first grade through graduate school. Near the end of her tour, Kramer examined New Jersey's Provisional Teacher Program, an alternate route to the teaching credential. The program requires an undergraduate degree in a real subject (i.e., not in education) and emphasizes classroom experience over mindless courses in theory and methods.

By 1989, twenty-two other states had adopted some form of alternate credentialing, a welcome development if for no other reason than that the ed school establishment has been intermittently apoplectic about it. But many of the New Jersey student-teachers Kramer talked to did not seem to know much more than the graduate ed students she had met in the rest of the country. An overhaul of the entire education system is therefore needed, with "clear and testable norms" enforced grade-by-grade, and with "different channels of schooling for different students with different interests and abilities." Over time, Kramer reckons, an undergraduate degree in the liberal arts would come to mean that the recipient truly knows something of language and

(continued on page 65)

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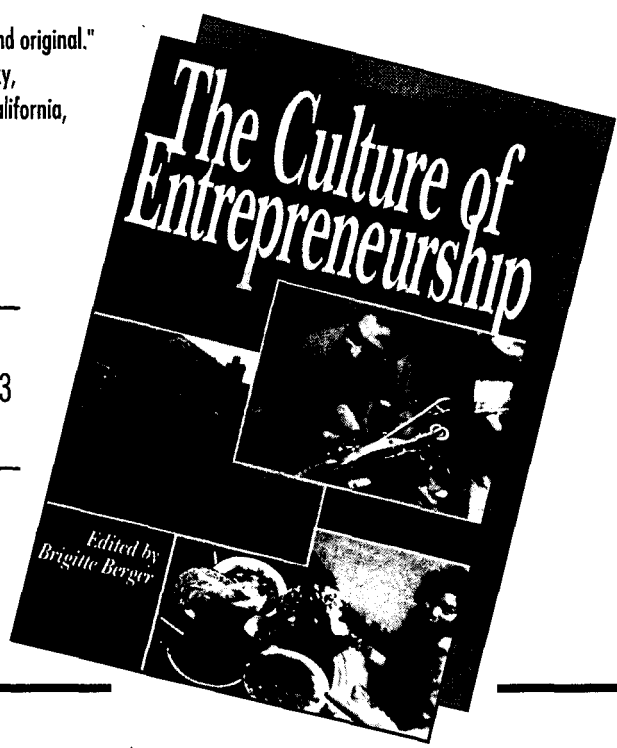

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The federal government has assumed the role of wage-earning parents and destroyed initiative, pride, and the family value system. Americans must learn to limit family size based on what they can personally afford. Single parent "families" with 10, 12, even 14 (and more!) children foster larger and larger gang membership rolls. Then, as adults, far too many become career criminals and welfare baby factories themselves. The unmarried moms and wayward kids can't compete, and don't even try, but they know Uncle will support them. They have to learn to help themselves and be independent.

The cycle MUST BE BROKEN. The cost to taxpayers of today's AFDC and gang-related problems will seem small compared to tomorrow's cost UNLESS WE ACT NOW. Both direct lobbying of legislators and informing of voters are planned.

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ED SCHOOL FOLLIES
(continued from page 63)

literature, history and philosophy, mathematics and music. The quality of public school teachers would thus improve proportionately.

Second, the priorities of the public school system have to be reordered so that teachers are expected primarily to teach, with "knowledge itself at the center of the educational enterprise." This means the depoliticization of the schools and an end to "the usurpation of the teacher's role by that of the so-called helping professions." The teacher should be a teacher, not a social worker and policeman and family counselor all rolled into one haggard professional drudge.

In the lower grades, of course, nurturing is important, and teachers with strong character and skillful ways of ministering to emotional needs are suitable for the very young. But as the kids grow older, the teachers must be devoted primarily to a clear and interesting transmission of knowledge. A stimulating class is of itself a palliative for emotional distress, allowing kids from troubled families stable and purposeful school hours.

Finally, the teachers should be compensated with decent salaries, yes, but especially with decision-making power. Today's public school teachers work under a humiliating educational bureaucracy that stifles initiative and drives away talent. The schools need a sensible curriculum of concrete subjects and a reliable system of accountability in the form of regular testing—but the teachers need ample room to use their own creative discretion in their efforts to raise students up to higher standards.

Given its clear writing, good sense, and good humor, Rita Kramer's *Ed School Follies* is almost certain to be ignored or panned by representatives of the socially concerned American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education. But the honest teachers who still inhabit such colleges—the professors who haven't completely abandoned themselves to the mealy little corruptions of their system—would be doing a public service if they smuggled this book onto their required reading lists. The deans probably wouldn't notice; they don't read much anyhow. ❒

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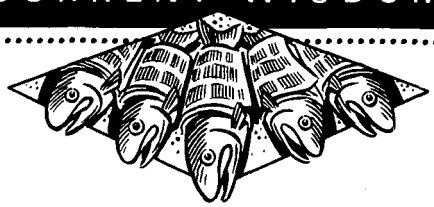

Whole Earth Review

How New Age American Miss Penny Hoover, of the Peace Corps, shoved off to Equatorial Guinea to do her all for Brother Rainforest and lost her best friend to a local gourmand:

One clear message from our experience is that "saving the rainforest" is about relationships. The network of species depends, in large part, on our capacity not only to respect plants and animals, but also to relate to other human beings.

Relating to the Fang was not always easy. When my patience gave way, I found that swearing in English (nobody knew English) could be pretty satisfying. There were some things I just wouldn't eat, and I know it was insulting to refuse. I don't even know all the ways I insulted them. And they had no idea how much it hurt me when they ate our cat. . . . Looking back, there was ample warning: "Gee, your cat's getting big. Got a lot of meat on him." "Hmmm. That cat would make a good soup." We need to learn how to speak to the strange cat-eaters.

[Spring 1991]

Chronicle-Herald/Mail Star

(Halifax, Nova Scotia)

Astonishing scientific advances in the advertising arts, as reported in northern climes:

In these times of economic woe, the bandleaders of the advertising world are trying to find new ways to seduce customers into spending their money.

A report by *American Demographics* magazine says psychographic marketing techniques helped marketers of a roach spray discover that the reason low income women in the Southern U.S. were the heaviest users of roach spray was that a lot of their feelings about the roach were very similar to the feelings they had for the men in their lives.

The roach, like the men in their lives, only came around when he wanted food. The act of spraying roaches and seeing them die was satisfying to this frustrated, powerless group.

[January 10, 1992]

New York Times

From the heights, Miss Anna Quindlen makes another authoritative asseveration, this time on behalf of contradiction, complication, and naughtiness:

It has been a year of gender wars in America; at no other time have the motives, mindset, roles and relationships of men and women been as hotly and as bitterly dissected and debated. The problem in these debates has been a classic one—a yen for simplicity, for no contradictions, no complications. A framework that long ago outlived its usefulness. Either you are a good girl or a bad one: no middle ground.

[January 8, 1992]

News Release

An important communiqué from Cecile C. Weich, our President's appointee on the prestigious New York Advisory Committee of the United States Civil Rights Commission—Reaganism Is No More:

With Valentine's Day quickly approaching, couples may be thinking of taking their relationship into marriage. But when that the [sic] wedding aisle is finally in sight, prenuptual [sic] agreements become an issue that many should consider.

Noted divorce attorney and women's rights activist Cecile C. Weich has compiled some tips to keep in mind, as couples contemplate the most important step they will ever take. A premarriage contract sets forth what each partner brings into the marriage and how these assets will be divided or not divided in the event of a dissolution of the relationship.

1. Each party should get a full disclosure of the intended's assets and net worth. It is important that you have an accurate picture of your future spouse's financial profile.

2. Get your own lawyer, not one recommended by your fiance. To realistically consider the terms of the prenuptual [sic] agreement, your attorney should act in your best interest at every point of the negotiations.

3. Remember, the time to agree to disagree is when there is a smile on your lips and love in your heart.

[Winter 1992]

Vanity Fair

Report on a recent zoological expedition into darkest France led by Mr. and Mrs. Mick Jagger:

On Mustique or in the Loire Valley, Jagger and Hall entertain casually but well. "In France," says a friend, "you'd have tea and there'd be big trestle tables under the trees, with children and everybody mucking in, totally relaxed, grown-ups sharing joints, maybe, and Mick out in the garden with Alvilde Lees-Milne." The food is good, as is the wine, and there are lots of games—Scrabble, backgammon, Dictionary, charades. Oh, yes, and maybe a little Saturday-night cross-dressing.

"Everybody loves it," says a frequent guest. "You're staying with Mick and Jerry in France, and everyone comes down to dinner in drag, and it's just huge fun. Masses of people sort of screaming, running in and out of each other's bedrooms, applying makeup to the boys. The English and the Irish—because he adores the mad Irish—love to do this. It's wild upper-class house party behavior. It's nothing kinky or sexual. And Jerry has very much cottoned on to this. She was a truckdriver's daughter from Mesquite, Texas, but she's always done very well at learning the ways of the British upper classes."

Jerry is said to look lovely in drag—but not, perhaps, as lovely as her consort. "Mick was terribly dashing one night in a tight black shift and a ratty silver-fox fur," says one friend. "He was so chic, he looked just like Coco Chanel."

[February 1992]

San Francisco Chronicle

Responding to Question Man/Conti's query "Best Game for Adults?" the famed *Chronicle* finds an honest American:

Carol Fike, 42, housewife, Reno:

Ladies like Bunko, a dice game you can buy. It's something where you don't have to concentrate too much. It's fast and you don't have to think a lot, so you can really do a lot of conversing and eat.

[December 18, 1991]

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City College of San Francisco

Why Johnny can't read and occasionally has trouble going to the bathroom:

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ENGL 35B Creative Writing-Short Story
FILM 120C Film Expression-Homosexuality
GUID R Orientation to College (Recommended for Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual students)
HLTH 20 Maintaining Sexual Well-Being
IDST 21 Issues-Lesbian Relationships
IDST 24 Gay Male Relationships
LABR 91D Gay & Lesbian Workplace Issues
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PE 452 Fencing
PE 457 Softball
RF 85 Intro to Floral Arranging

[Spring 1992]

Durango Herald

(Durango, Colorado)

From an esteemed Yuppie retirement community, the new Marxism-Leninism for the twenty-first century:

The Institute for Creative Answers Now is beginning a research program in dream work. ICAN is collecting data on dreams that have to do with a collective world vision, earth changes and healing. The purpose of the work is to discover connecting themes and similarities in the kinds of dreams people are having. The information eventually will be compiled into a book. Persons wishing to contribute their dreams to the program can call 247-9617, or mail typewritten dreams to 1911 Main Ave. Suite 108, Durango, CO 81301.

[January 16, 1992]

Washington Post Book World

Whilst reviewing *Violence* by Richard Bausch, the pert and talented Carolyn See, the oldest graduate student in America, extends the thoughts of Thomas Jefferson into the twentieth century:

To have a feel for this book you have to give up convenient fictions about yourself and the configurations of family life in this country. Instead of thinking of Americans as pioneers, or brave immigrants, you have to remember, if only momentarily, that most people who live in America are heavily screwed up; that their family life is fragmented and nightmarish; that our obsessions with any war we can scare up, or with car chases night after night on television, or Bruce Willis in wide-screen pools of blood aren't just some kind of peripheral coincidence. American life explodes every day. In gang fighting, armed robberies, divorce, domestic violence. Many of us, maybe most of us, are, at one level, flying shrapnel from physical and emotional explosions that are/were entirely out of our control.

[December 29, 1991]

Allure

In another feminist journal of intellect, the female scientific turn of mind is displayed by Dr. Jane Fonda as she discourses on female thermodynamics after 50:

Fonda is rapping on about menopause. "You know where I had my first hot flash?" she asks, sounding excited. "At the Acropolis. During the sound and light show. I'm not kidding.

"It was last year. Ted and I were sailing with another couple around some of the islands. We arrived in Athens. My moods had been very erratic. And Ted said to me, 'Honey, do you suppose this is menopausal?' And I thought, Nooo! Two days later, we were sitting at night looking at the show at the Acropolis. I started feeling this kind of burning tingling all down my fingers and chest, and . . . it was such a kick that Ted had known what was going on with me and I hadn't.". . .

Though she is wildly chatty, almost embarrassingly so, on the subject of estrogen-replacement therapy—"it stops the biological clock a bit in terms of vaginal lubrication and things like that"—certain topics are verboten.

[January 1992]

Musician

In a very high-brow periodical for the Republic's suavest tooters, crooners, and aficionados of the tone art, warbler James Taylor displays the quality of mind that could make him the permanent president of Harvard University in the not too distant and intelligent future:

You're known for introspective songs, but lately you've been writing in character. On New Moon Shine *you take the perspective of a mole in "Down in the Hole" and a man defrosted after 100 years in "Frozen Man."*

You run out of autobiographical things after a while. It gets pretty tiresome. Your interest starts to drift. But both of those songs are sort of autobiographical; they seem to be about very specific characters, but they are very personal songs. That's the kind of songwriter I am.

In "Slap Leather" and "Native Son" you seem uncharacteristically political.

Yeah, it's unusual for me to sing something that's that in-the-world. Usually my stuff is more private or internal. My politics have generally been liberal Democratic with leanings towards socialism. I hate to say that. For the past decade I've been in a state of despair politically, feeling very unrepresented. The world is in transition and there are two possible reactions to it. One is to embrace it and engage it and try to accommodate and plan for it. And the other is to try and fight and deny it and keep it out, a very conservative approach. That reactionary conservative thing is what's been going on.

[January 1992]

San Francisco Chronicle

A leading author of San Francisco real estate listings reviews the esoteric art of The Pixies:

Veering indifferently from riff-happy garage rock to dark, abrasive post-punk tinged with light industrial noises, the quartet even indulged in slow, ballady type numbers that kept just enough grunge in the tracks to avoid any suggestion of pop melodicism. The emphasis was on tight, structured pieces with only a few guitar solos from Joey Santiago, who quoted the theme from TV's "Jeopardy" at one point, the kind of cultural reference point that lends the band a social context.

[December 23, 1991]

New York Post

Quaint ravings on the life and work of Pat Buchanan from Carl T. Rowan, columnist and Bush Republican:

Buchanan, as much as any journalistic opinion-maker, has echoed shamelessly, in his slick, "sophisticated" way, the theory enunciated in 1861 by South Carolina's Sen. James Henry Hammond:

"In all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life . . . Fortunately for the South, she has found a race . . . inferior to her own. . . We . . . call them slaves."

Buchanan will deny holding a slave-owner mentality. . . . Buchanan also knows that he wrote that memo to Nixon, and later hundreds of newspaper columns, with the purpose of ensuring that white public opinion remained hostile to allowing ex-slaves to enter the mainstream of American life. . . . I've written more than a few columns criticizing President Bush. I have never pined for his re-election. But I know that, whatever his faults, George Bush as a human being is a big cut above Buchanan, David Duke and the other rightwingers who are trying to destroy him.

[January 8, 1992]

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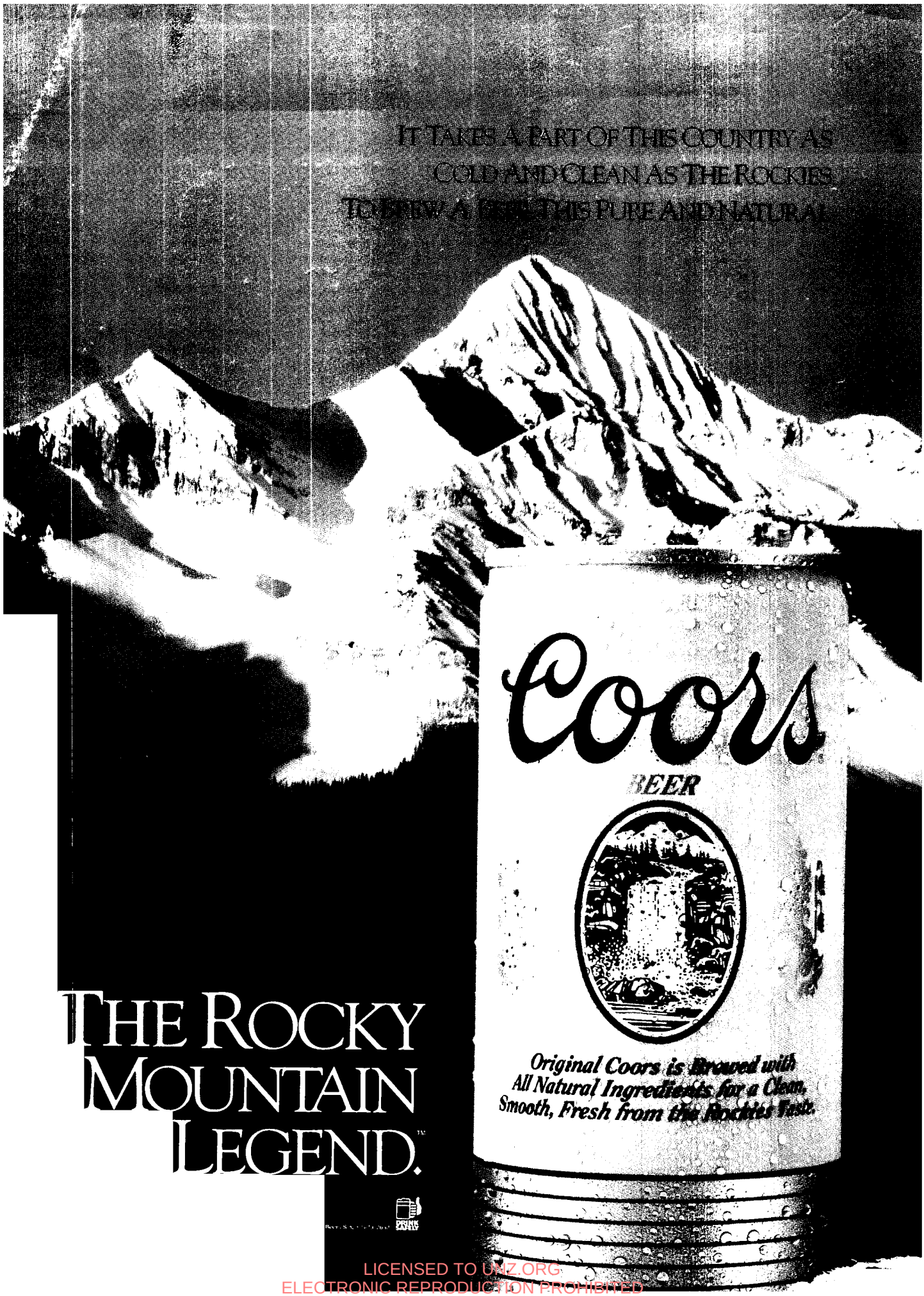
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